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# THE GUARDS.

LONDON

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# THE GUARDS.

A NOVEL.

“Arma Virumque cano.”—VIRGIL.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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borrowing, a *goût* or polish to others in the army and in high life. The *Line* has *des manières empruntées*, often *le ton du garnison*; but the Guards have a deportment, dress, and address of their own. By this it is not meant to assert, that a Guardsman never borrows anything; he may *par hasard* borrow a trifle, from a rouleau at a gaming-table, to an heiress at a watering-place; and (*mirabile dictu!*) possibly his neighbour's *cara sposa* at country quarters, *pour passer le tems*; but he never condescends to assume an iota of style, elegance or refinement, from any source beyond the brigade; whilst, on the contrary, envying and admiring youths copy and imitate His Majesty's Guards with the extremest exertion and attention imaginable; and they (the Guards) are *decidedly* (as we say) the prototypes of the day. But to return to the *genus*. (not *genius*, gentle reader,) of the Guards. It is not that of the exquisite, the *merveilleux*, the dandy, or *muscadin*, native or



foreign; and much less of the ruffian or sporting character of town or country, civil or military; for the latter may be all civil or military, or neither; or *too civil by half*, like a country cousin, kind, loving, and troublesome: whereas the Guardsman is both military and civil, polite, but familiarly conceited, yet with such an off-hand elegance and amiable levity, that his behaviour passes current like a well-bred compliment, which may enchant and ruin, dazzle and deceive at the same transitory moment; and above all, (or *ante todas cosas*, as we say in Spain,) the military part of his *essence* (a most *essential* point) so happily predominates over the blue or black coated fashionable, that although he may lisp, drawl, whisper, simper, ogle, and look by turns languishing and supercilious, blink through his eye-glass, or trifle away his life; yet the soldier comes so happily in to the assistance of the simple fop, that he avoids effeminacy, and still keeps up a degree of masculine dig-

nity. Other military men remain so long at out-quarters, nay, even in foreign, distant, and hostile countries and climes, that they lose the town varnish, and look strange in coloured clothes ;—*au contraire*, the Guards are so constantly passing from the parade to the palace, and from the drill-ground to the drawing-room, that, like odours of the flower of love, ay, verily, and of the perfumer's shop, and (sweetest of all) the blush of lady's cheek, which has sometimes come and gone the *same way*, their suavity of manner is continually going and coming, marching and counter-marching, advancing and retreating, *but never forming line*.

So *unique* is the style of the Guards. The more forcibly to illustrate what has been advanced, we need only repeat of the Guards in general, what was said in particular, by the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in North America, in days of yore, to the honourable Colonel, afterwards General Gardener, a maca-

roni of the old school; namely, “that no man was more careless of his person in the field, nor took more care and pains about it when out of it:”—that no man fought more manfully, nor dressed more affectedly, than that gallant officer.

Here, however, a distinction in favour of the new school is due: powder and pomatum, frills and red-heeled pumps, have vanished before the Stanhope or other crop, and the game-cock spurs of our exquisite field and other mounted officers, etc., etc.

It must be quite superfluous to add, that the rank obtained in the *Gardes*, as they are *town-ishly* called, attracts fortune and quality to their royal colours, and that royal favour and royal smiles gild the prospects of the military aspirant. There is, however, another advantage derived from entering the corps, which surpasses all the rest; to wit, the *entrée* into life which such first commission procures; the passport to high circles; the opportunity of

studying the most finished models, of copying from the most splendid originals; at the super-eminent head of which stands His present most gracious and graceful Majesty: and it is the fervent prayer of the author of these pages, that he may long occupy that exalted station, whilst his faithful guards, gentlemen, and other subjects, may continue to chant, in full chorus and full affection, their hymn of loyalty:—

“For the throne of our King is an Englishman’s heart.”

In every court and every country, the household troops, King’s or Body-Guards, have acquired a splendour befitting the servants and champions of the crown: a sun glitters on the buttons of the *Gardes du Corps*; brilliant trappings sparkle on the Imperial Guard of the successor of the Cæsars; but never were the rays of the day-star more due than to the Sovereign of Albion, for “*lucet omnibus*,” nor did ever lace and embroidery, gorgets, and

cuirasses, better become the sons of Mars than those which adorn those bosoms and bodies, which have fluttered through Pall-Mall and St. James's, yet have bled and vanquished, triumphed and turned the tide of war in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and whose nodding plumes, now the ensign of volatility, humbled the eagle of Napoleon, and highly contributed to break his sceptre and to lower his flag. Thus, having characterized the nature of the Guards; having bestowed the merited meed of praise on their name and achievements; having slightly touched a few peculiarities connected with the corps, and shown the reasons for certain preferences which they always have enjoyed, and ever will continue to do: with such a monarch, and such materials, it may be permitted to touch individuals with the light feather of satire, and to chronicle the feats and foibles of fashion and of fancy; and whilst "The Guards" furnish the standing dish of this novel, to throw in the side-table

fare of their companions and other associations, together with a little tittle-tattle of the town as a *sauce piquante*. Convinced that the Grenadiers will be *forward* in the field, and becoming in their social intercourse with the *beau monde*; that the Coldstream will be “*nulli secundus* ;” that the 3rd regiment will everywhere assert the honour of, and fight for, the thistle and its expressive motto, “*Nemo me impune lacessit*,” it becomes now time to enter into the history and adventures of an officer of the Guards, from his standing before a fair lady’s Psyche mirror, and beholding himself for the first time, like a New-Year’s-Day Almanack, bound in scarlet and highly gilt, down to a more advanced and experienced time of life. Here a voice from the tomb cries “Halt !”—a glorious spark, flashing from the embers of the illustrious dead, forbids me to conclude without lowering the sword’s point to departed worth and renown, living yet in bleeding breasts and tearful eyes,—without breathing



the sigh of praise upon the imperishable laurel which blooms over his memory. Hard by his honoured tomb the broken invalid, the orphan, and the widow, long may droop, standing in the silent imagery of woe;—no more appropriate supporters can be located near his last bed; no fitter national, and, above all, military remembrancer, can be published in posthumous applauding of his career as a soldier and as a prince. He was the soldier's brother, the orphan's father, and the widow's friend; and ye gay and gallant Guardsmen, whose uniform he wore; ye whom he especially was pleased to call his comrades; ye who most especially shared his fair, yet fond protection; ye ancients\* who saw him in his beauty, and marked with sorrowful observation the change which sick-

\* The term "*mon ancien*" was a favourite one in Napoleon's army; it was equal to "*mon brave*," and it is in this sense that I allow myself to make use of it, with due respect to all old soldiers, from the prince to the private: the term, I am sure, will not offend them—it ought not.

ness wrought upon his manly features; ye whose children his protective and patronizing hand led to the place of promotion, and pointed out the road to glory—what affliction must be your's! Ye, too, whom I beheld sitting disconsolate near Britain's mourning flag when your dear Chief lay in the cold embrace of death—what feelings must be your's! Nor can the medalled veteran, grown grey in the service, and ennobled by high desert, all clad though he be in worsted lace,\* be omitted in the list of mourners—ye all regret him. Lastly, ye sprigs of the laurel-tree, and branches of the oak; ye whose age has only enabled you to contemplate his setting sun, and the fruitful autumn of his years—that period when the early splendour of power has gone by, when the effervescence of the passions has

\* The French soldiers affect to despise our worsted lace. An Irish soldier told of this, exclaimed, "Faith, then, we have often *worsted* them, and trimmed their jackets into the bargain."

subsided, and all is mild, mellow, warm, yet temperate; when experience ripens what kind intention put forth in honourable and benevolent design,—come ye and mingle the dew of sympathy in Britannia's urn; let us all join heart and hand, and say in the plain yet expressive language of sincerity, “He is gone! he is no more! his place is vacant amongst the sons of men! peace to his manes!”

‘We ne’er shall look upon his like again.’”

## CHAPTER I.

*“Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto.”*

HORAT.

“LET us put him into the Fourth Foot,” said Mr. Greenlaw, now Sir John; “it bears the name of the King’s Own, and that pleases me,” (his lady made no reply :) “or into the Seventh Fusileers, the dress is so elegant,” (not a word :) “or into the brave Forty-second, but no, the kilt would never do for Bob: or into”—“A fool’s cap,” indignantly replied her Ladyship, for she was such in her own right, or rather by the courtesy very properly conceded to the descendants of the peerage. “A pretty thing indeed !” continued she, with a

toss of the head, which always was a *check-mate* to her husband—"a fine thing indeed, for the maternal grandson of a Peer, the nephew of a General, the cousin of an Admiral, the grandson by *your* side (laying great emphasis on the pronoun) of a member of Parliament, your only son and heir to twelve thousand a-year, besides (with a toss of the head number two) my property and expectancies, the Bishop's personal property, the Scotch estate in chancery, (toss number three, and it was a *toss-up* if ever she got it,) the Longdale reversion, the chance of brother Herbert's dying at Naples, my everlasting grand aunt's succession!—why, you must be addled, cloudy, or besotted!—what? put Herbert, whom you, like a bumpkin, choose to call Bob!"—

"Robert Herbert Gascoigne, *love!*" gently interrupted Sir John, whose Borough interest and whose lady's pen shortly after procured him to be presented and knighted—"Herbert, my love, would make a pretty officer."—"True,"

replied she; “but you would make a pretty hand of it to put him in an Infantry Regiment, liable to be sent I don’t know where.”—“Well, then, in the Dragoons,” said the mild partner, (for he perceived that she was on *her high horse*) “in the King’s, or the Royal, or the Light Dragoons, the Tenth Hussars, or one of the Regiments of Lancers, (this he conceived was *mounting* on the scale of fashion,) or, my love, the Life Guards, or Blues.”—“Neither, *sweet* sir, (ironically, with the usual toss,)—“neither, if you please. Herbert Gascoigne would be lost in the Life-Guard boots, extinguished in their massy helmet, oppressed by the cuirass, and, in short, would be ill at his ease. Herbert is delicate and growing, and would not suit the dress at all; neither would the masqueradish appearance of the Tenth *please me*;—besides, he has no beard, and would be ridiculous in false moustachios;—the lance, again, is beyond his strength;—and the Light and Heavy Dragoons are not sufficiently *distinguées*.”



“Why, Sir Marmaduke, one of your ancestors, served in the Green Horse long tails, you know,” remarked Sir John.

“Green Geese!” exclaimed Lady Gertrude, “with their long tails!—you make a long *enough tale* of it; but you forget, *mon bon homme*, that you are talking of a dark age, when the Green and Black Horse were little more than regiments of Cavalry militia, and when the Life Guards were called the *Cheesemongers*; all gingerbread and gold leaf; shopkeepers and freeholders. But now the thing is quite altered: they are all smarted and brushed up, and have been to foreign parts; the Household Troops have gathered laurels on the Continent; and the greenhorns no longer play at soldiers, but have borne the brunt of the war in right earnest:—but none of these suit me.”

“The Blues?”

“No—I don’t like them.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t like them.” (A woman’s

reason," muttered the husband to himself.) What I mean to do (here she carried it with a high head) is to put Herbert Gascoigne into *the* Guards, vulgarly called *the Foot Guards*."

"Oh! ho! Yes, (a silence,) that's well:" and he looked as Mr. Shandy did when he talked about putting his boy into breeches;—it was like making a man of him at once.

"The Guards," resumed her Ladyship, "contain the cream of elegancé, and present the mirror of *bon ton*:—they are drawing-room furniture, town-talk, Palace ornaments, the appendages of Royalty, and companions for Nobility;—what an introduction is the Guard uniform! what opportunities does the sojourning in town afford of advancement in every shape! they are under the eye of Majesty, and at the fountain of elegance. Whom would a young woman of quality like to dance with, but an officer in the Guards? Whom would a Duchess-dowager solicit to hand her from

her Opera-box to her carriage, but a handsome officer in the Guards? To whom would Nobility apply for room, or a passage to the Presence-chamber, but to a young officer of the Guards? Who more likely to run off with an heiress, than an officer of the Guards?—In short, no other service offers the same perspective,—and in the Guards he shall be. The Guards, it is true, were a little fallen off last war; men of moderate fortune, and whom nobody knows, came in from the half-pay,—*officiers de mérite*, no doubt, but they did not look like the pearl of fashion of my day;—I had like to have been married to a Captain of the Guards, but—” interrupted by a sigh.

(Sir John,) “ I and Greenlaw Hall came in your way.”—A long pause.—(Lady Gertrude in continuation,) “ But the Peace will set all right again; London habits and expensive company will drive out your private gentlemen, old soldiers, and economists; and the Guards will

be all the Guards once more—Captain Lord Charles Such-a-one; the Honourable Ensign So-and-so; Sir George New-come-in, with a hundred other-titled companions. I am resolved that Herbert shall marry a woman of quality, and the sooner we deposit our money with the agent the better. *Bob*, as he is called after your odious cousin,” (the husband gave a nod,) “is a delicate plant; we took him from Oxford, because study gave him the head-ache; he is tall and thin, taking after my side of the house, (meagre and bony, she might have said,) a hard-going, rough-riding cavalry regiment would destroy him; his birth and expectations would be thrown away on a marching regiment, he has already been rustivating too long; country quarters would undo all that maternal tenderness, foreign languages, and a winter in Paris have done in his favour;—but the Guards offer other pursuits; town is his barracks, Lady Rosemaunt’s and Countess

Romainville's houses are open to him, and he will have his *entrées libres* in the first company. I will allow that Lady Romainville's\* name has been a little roughly handled by the public prints, and that the Countess is *au dessus des prejugs*; but of what consequence is that to a young man of fashion? None; the very *élite* of the court circle is to be found at each of their Ladyships' parties; and I repeat again, that it is no small advantage for a young man to have *les entrées libres* there."

"Yes," quoth Sir John, (so we shall in future call him,) "some folks are more free

\* Countess Romainville, like a certain Grace, is one of those ladies whose fame suffered a little in the columns of a newspaper, and whose husband, (the Grace's,) filling a high situation abroad, has not the least intention of uniting again with his rib, being quite content *d'esser amici di lontano*. Lady R. is more formally separated from her Lord; but then the nine days' wonder is over, and almost forgotten: the female part of her society stands rather aloof, but she still has a circle *d'une certaine tournure*.

than welcome at the Countess's; at least, so thinks the poor Count; but that is nothing to me."

"True, the little intrigues of high life have nothing to do with my son's promotion. I already see him, *en perspective*, noticed in the first circles,—the approving eye of beauty everywhere on him,—a favourite in his regiment, a member of all the clubs, quoted in the papers and caricatured in the print-shops. It is incalculable what benefit a paragraph and a print do a young man, such as—'We noticed amongst the newest vehicles in the Park, Mr. Greenlaw's, of the Guards, light mail, with four beautiful bright chesnuts, turned out in the best imaginable style.' Such an article in the gentle Post, or the Courier, would be a feather in his cap. Or a caricature of a tall thin elegant, in uniform, with these words under it—'A Scarlet Runner;' or skaiting elegantly (which he does), and extricating a fair Countess from falling into the Serpentine, with the signi-



ficant words—‘*The ice broken.*’ Some happy device like this might make, not his fortune, but his fame; the former he does not want; and if you supply him as liberally as you ought, *C’est une affaire finie*; for I, like a female Chesterfield, have always preached up to him to study the Graces.”\*

Here Lady Gertrude not only gave the accustomed toss of the head, but she took a side look of herself in the glass, and seemed quite self-satisfied.

At this moment, Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw drove in his curricule up to the door, and mamma flew to meet him, whilst the knight (then squire) retired to his library, where the Reverend Mr. Preach-hard, formerly the young

\* There are many ways of getting into the columns of a newspaper, and into a print-shop; but so fond are some of notoriety, that it is well-known that a certain ruined West Indian simpleton paid weekly for the former, and got a friend to introduce him to Cruikshanks for the purpose of getting him to bring him out as a caricature.

man's tutor, was waiting for him. The reverend gentleman came from a neighbouring curacy to take leave of his young pupil, and to condole with his worthy friend, the country gentleman, on the ruin of the former, from the immeasurable ambition of Lady Gertrude, and her having so completely spoiled him.

“ Her Ladyship,” said the clergyman, “ is next in culpability to the late Lady Diana Beauport, who used to boast that the first thing she would do, was to unteach her children all the nonsense about Adam and Eve, and who never would assist at a baptism of any of them, contemptuously adding, that this ceremony was necessary for form's sake, and for regular registry, and the interests of succession ; but she undermined the infant intellect, and did all in her power to instil incredulity into their young minds. Now Lady Gertrude does profess something like religion ; but her love of fashion overturns all morality ; the *beau monde* is her idol ; and it will be very lucky if your

son does not get into some very serious scrapes : he has an excellent heart—”

“ But,” interrupted his father, “ he has been taught to consider himself already as far above me ; he decides on points as if he was fifty years of age, and talks of *l'usage du monde* as if he had known and seen every thing in life. Upon my honour, if he goes on long this way he will be quite insupportable, and I shall not be sorry to give him a separate establishment in town : here he turns the house out of the windows ; breakfast on the table from ten until three, dinner kept back until eight at night ; after which, perhaps, he will come in about ten with some foreign figure-of-fun of an artist, whom he supports and makes a butt of, and orders dinner in his own room. A Spanish adventurer, Don Pedro de San Feliz, is now the companion, who teaches him to smoke and to play on the guitar ; yet, with all this, my lady says that he will make a rare Guardsman. I shall write to Greenwood to-day, who is the

prince of agents and the pearl of good fellows, and will have my money lodged immediately. I shall also give him unlimited credit at Coutts's house; for the sooner he runs his lengths, the more likely to see his error. Moreover, I can cut down ten thousand pounds worth of timber next year, and surely that will stand one winter's campaign in the Guards."

"There's no knowing," answered Mr. Preachhard, with a sigh. At this moment the youth arrived. "My dear Bob!" exclaimed the tutor.

"My dear Sir, no more *Bob*, if you please, or else you and I shall never *bear a bob together*. Herbert is the name to which I answer; and if you have any more advice to give, motivated on your great regard for me, I have only to say for the future, 'Honorez nous, Seigneur, de votre indifférence;' advice gratis is a mere drug, a quack medicine, and I can't stomach it. 'J'aime mieux un vice commode qu'une vertu fatigante.' But 'il ne s'agit pas de tout cela.' I

have upset the poor Spanish colonel, and he has broken his collar-bone, because Crazy, one of my horses, would not touch collar, but went bolt upright on end at starting from Lord Rosemary's tennis-court, where I have been playing; so some of our *gens* must start for that odious pedant of an apothecary, Mr. Polyphrase, else it will be *neck or nothing* with the poor Don." Here he pulled out an enormous Spanish snuff-box, and raised a cloud of dust about him whilst he took a copious pinch. "En voulez vous?" to the clergyman.

"I do not speak French, but I understand your offer, which I beg to decline." (Exit.)

"*Tant mieux*, old proser. But pray, Sir," (to his father,) "when will you have the goodness to bestir yourself about my being gazetted?"

"This very day, Bob—Herbert, I mean. And pray what do you mean to do with your foreign friend when he recovers?"

"Why, give him twenty pounds and book him *per* mail, assuring him of my protection

when I come to town, but where I shall take good care to cut him: in London he will neither be useful nor ornamental; but, as the song says—

‘ Every thing’s fun in the country.’

Upon my soul, Sir, I begin to be heartily tired of these parts. I almost feel a *tædium vitæ*. You see Tom Bramblewood has been gazetted this month, and is actually on duty at the Tower—which, *entre nous*, must be a devil of a bore: it certainly is bad taste to shut up his Majesty’s Guards in such vile quarters, where a man (I should think) must game and drink and invent all sorts of mischief *pour passer le tems*. But ha! I see the colonel as large as life; and I don’t think he is as much hurt as I apprehended when I gave him a gentle cast and dropped him on the road. I say, *who backs the merry castor?*”

San Feliz was more frightened than hurt, and got quit for a slight bruise, and the tearing

of his cloak, which the Guard aspirant had to replace. The apothecary, however, had the pleasure of making his visit, and of displaying his knowledge in the hardest possible terms: he talked of *dilating* the wound, which was a mere scratch; and assured his patient that the *epidermis* was not only *lacerated*, but that the *periosteum* was materially injured; that it was possible that it might induce inflammatory *symptomata*, and that *pus* (he was thinking of touching the purse) might form about the orifice of the wound; he was, however, convinced that *exfoliation* would not ensue, and felt persuaded in his own mind, that with arduous attention and the application of a *cataplasma*, together with *sudorifics*, *cathartics*, *narcotics*, etcetera, his patient would very soon be convalescent: he was, on a *prima facie* examination of the case, of opinion, that *venesection* was indispensably necessary; but as the colonel was averse to it, the *hirudo*, commonly denominated a leech, would have nearly as salutary an

effect. After this learned discussion, at which young Greenlaw laughed immoderately, he went into a wordy lecture upon accidents in general, and expatiated at large on the *prognosis* and *diagnosis* attendant on fractures, concussions, with many other matters too tedious to mention, which no one present, except himself, pretended to understand, and which it appeared doubtful whether he himself understood. All this passed at dinner, to which he was invited, and amazingly edified Lady Gertrude, who considered him as a very able man, from his scientific treatment of a paralytic poodle dog of her's; and she assured him, that he would make a fortune if he practised in London, as she doubted not but that her friend, Lady Louisa Manville, who had seventeen lap-dogs, would settle an annuity upon him; and as his skill in treating nervous affections would certainly procure him a great deal of practice amongst the ladies, whose affec-



tions of every kind required a great deal of doctoring.

The apothecary felt honoured ;—her ladyship felt a return of her complaint, and had to take ether, opium, cordials, and carminatives. The Spaniard felt better ; and the *soi-disant* doctor felt the impression of a sovereign in the palm of his hand, which amply repaid him for all the ridicule put upon him by the heir of Greenlaw Hall : so that, after applying the tonics of rich wines to his stomach, and swallowing a pound of venison, together with other viands, he made his bow, and mounted his cabriolet to gain the village, of which he was considered the Hippocrates.

By return of post, the glad tidings of Herbert Gascoigne's nomination to an ensigncy in the Coldstream arrived at Greenlaw Hall. Interest had been made for him long previous to his money's being lodged ; for Lady Gertrude had carried on a secret correspondence on

the subject with her friend Lord Horseman, whose application could not fail to succeed ; for Lord Horseman had a voice in the cabinet, and although it was *vox et præterea nihil*, yet he would be heard ; he had also a seat in the Upper House, where he was placed like an old fixture, and although neither useful nor ornamental, yet time and habit gave weight to him as a piece of patrician and senatorial furniture : he was, moreover, a great horseman, and had rode in company with royalty ; and surely this was right and title enough to ask and to obtain a pair of colours for a young man of fortune ;—but above all, he was a ministerial make-weight, and a fore-ground figure at levees and drawing-rooms, all stricken in years though he were ; and this, with his usual luck, decided the matter ; so that young Greenlaw was to appear in the next Gazette, and was advised to come up to town with all despatch.

We shall for the present take leave of Lord Horseman, but shall return to him here-

after ; and must now proceed to Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw's departure from the hall of his ancestors. The moment the packet from his lordship arrived, the old squire exclaimed, " Luck upon leather !" alluding to the great attachment which the worthy Peer had to indescribables of that nature. All the bells were set *a*-ringing, as the rustics termed it ; and all was in motion and preparation for the Guardsman elect's departure : which was rendered more propitious by the arrival of the Gazette on the following morning, when a lengthy cavalcade and procession formed the commencement of the youth's splendour and celebrity in life. A barouche and four posters led the van ; dear self and Spanish Don, together with a favourite spaniel, inside passengers ; luggage in abundance, and two livery servants in the seat behind. Next came a plain post-chaise with Monsieur Louis, the valet-de-chambre, and Vandundertrump, a German incumbrance, who had been the youth's courier on the Continent, but who

used to superintend the smoking establishment of his master, and who was rated as a Hookar Bedar in his household. This chaise was also heavily laden with a wardrobe, "*qui ne finit pas*," to use Monsieur Louis's expression. Then there were the dressing-utensils, as numerous, and nearly as expensive, as those of the handsome, thoughtless, and extravagant Tom Crux, or of his humble and obscure imitator, the pea-green Joey Ane. There were guns and pistols, saddlery and dog-collars, perfumery and patent medicines; a racing set of clothing, together with music-books and novels, plate and jewellery, &c. &c. The light mail with four-in-hand followed, *à petite journée*, but started simultaneously with the other vehicles for stage effect; led horses and a dog caravan brought up the rear. Forward was the word; —but we had nearly forgotten the adieu to the village.

The young squire had to take leave of the curate, the lawyer, the apothecary, and of

a rustic beauty, of whom we shall hear more *à l'avenir*. The three former interested him but little, although he had a regard lingering in memory for the instructor of his youth;—had he been left to nature and himself, the latter would have cost him a pang; but he had been so highly polished by a maternal hand, that he felt above these sort of weaknesses, and only wondered how the girl could have got such a hold of his boyish affections, although she certainly was lovely; now, however, the lustre of coronetted charms (which *parfois* bring other coronets with them) hailed him in promise, and he was not to be thus thrown away. He therefore affected to smile as in scorn, as he wiped off the tear from her lids;—the heart, however, wavered for a while.

Emma, this fair rustic, as our hero then considered her, has *un grand rôle* to play. A rose is always a rose, whether in the garden of a palace or in the wilderness; its beauty and fragrance make it what it is,

witness the *one* rose in the wilderness, which just served—

“ To mark where a garden had been.”

Like such a flower was Emma; we therefore advise our readers to keep their eye upon her.

## CHAPTER II.

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LES ADIEUX, LE DÉPART, L'ARRIVÉE.

---

“Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins,  
Ne diffèrent entr'eux que du plus ou du moins.”

BOILEAU.

THAT Herbert Greenlaw would have been a kind, generous, free, and warm-hearted man, had he followed simple nature, is doubtless; but he was infected by that mania which ruins half the world, namely, the ambition of being something more than what we are; the madness (and it may be accounted a disease) of acting some strange part in life's scene, which truth and nature never intended us for. One man, formed for mediocrity, but endowed with all

the social virtues, must quit the plain and beaten path, in order to take up new ground, and to obtain that notoriety which is always dangerous to possess : one becomes an eccentric in dress ; another in his appointments, house, equipage, horses, etcetera ; a third is born a blockhead, yet sacrifices his fortune to be thought a genius—such a man will subsidize a legion of starving authors, editors, reporters, puffers, and scribblers, with the view to obtain literary renown ; some men are poets and authors not only *par force* but *invita Minerva* ; some might be gentlemen, did they not become Nimrods and jockies ; others were born honest, but avarice and company made them Greeks ; lastly, many who have begun by inheriting merely the frailties to which all flesh is heir, finish by making a noon-day exhibition of their vice and immorality, and ride triumphantly amid exposure and iniquity. Thus pleasure ruins one man ; pomp, or ostentation, undoes another ; simple vanity ensnares a third ; and the



fashionable rage for gaming brings thousands to mendicity. Herbert Greenlaw was none of these ; but the desire of eclipsing his equals was the mania of his mind ; he burned with emulative ardour to stand high in fashion's ring ; and his weak, proud, and partial female parent, fanned the infant flame into a blaze, which threatened to consume his reason.

His, as we have already shown, was no quiet, modest departure of a young officer to join his regiment, placed snugly in the corner of a mail with his servant and baggage on the outside, as some were of our illustrious military men ; nay, the brave amongst the brave travelled, unassumingly, in a chaise and pair, or with four horses, if great despatch became necessary, or if a coronet made such a turn-out a matter of consistence :—his departure was a complete caravan—a display—a procession ; he would have the country know, that he had left it to a sense of its own wretchedness, that he had deprived it of his lights,—just as we see, in our spacious

squares in the west end of the town, the blinking of a few solitary illuminators in the dull season, when rank and fashion are sojourning in the country, and have extinguished those lamps which mark the abode of elegance, leaving their closed-up mansions to fat somnolent porters, and to become the *rendezvous* of the sweethearts and other followers of Molly Housemaid, Kitty Kitchener, and the supernumerary domestics of splendid residences ; and thus Herbert considered that his abstraction from the Hall and neighbourhood left them in total obscurity and *darkness visible* ! At the Apothecary's and the Lawyer's door, our Exquisite merely dropped his card, with *P. P. C.* ; the parson he was obliged to endure for a few minutes : the honest man bestowed upon him his warmest and kindest good-wishes, seasoned with some advice, which, like a gratis prescription, was never followed ; in conclusion, he (the Curate) said, " Heaven bless you, my dear Bob—I beg your pardon,—Mr. Herbert : you will find the officers

a set of jolly dogs." The youth smiled indignantly,—“ A pretty appellation for his Majesty's Guards!”—“ Too fond,” continued the Reverend, “ of their glass and their lass.” Another smile of pity,—“ Glass, and lass ! for the bibbers of champagne and tokay, and for the paramours of Right Honourables and protectors of the carriage ladies, the Pyrrhas and Aspasiae of the age!”\*

“ You must take care of yourself. I am an old man, and perhaps we may never meet again. Heaven protect thee !” Here his voice faltered, and Herbert felt an unwilling emotion, to smother which he almost stifled himself in a dose of snuff;—for the good man had just

“ Touch'd a chord as soft and sweet,  
As when the winds and harp-strings meet.”

A moment of silence elapsed ; Nature during that short interval assumed the command, and

\* We do not mean the Age newspaper, but the age we live in.

the young soldier cordially shook his preceptor by the hand, and bade him adieu with tenderness and sincerity.

There was now only one more taking-leave to go through, to compass which the Guardsman nerved himself by a glass of *Marasquina*, and put his cigar in his mouth, thus to puff sorrow away : it was Emma whom he was to quit, and whom he had resolved to efface, if possible, from the tablets of memory. A maid so sweet, so simple, and so humbly born !—we will not here become sentimental and watery, like an old rake over his bottle, with arrack-punch and remembrance warring for dominion in his brain ; neither will we follow all the common novels of the day, dedicating our labours to boarding-school misses and disappointed spinsters, and launch into a lengthy portraiture of eyes and sighs, of fears and tears ;—suffice it to say, that our young hero had overcome the gentleness of his disposition, and remembered mamma's useful lesson, that “ feeling ” was not a word in Fashion's vo-

cabulary; and considered that it would be as vulgar to be affected by this separation from a rustic fair one, as it would be to weep at a tragedy, or to lay down the melting lines of impassioned poetry, whilst the reader might wipe off the dew of pity from the snowy eyelid. To feel, to take too deep an interest in any body or in any thing, is a practice quite exploded from the *beau monde*:—there is, however, a high and brilliant example to bear out very different conduct—the Star of Brunswick, whose warm, lucid rays diffuse every where gentleness and benignity around them. Our honoured and beloved Sovereign holds it not beneath the dignity of the monarch or the man, to sink into sympathetic softness at a tale of woe; for of him it may well be said—

“ He has a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day to melting Charity.”

Herbert had been otherwise schooled, and he braved out the scene with apparent indifference;

and as he left Woodbine Cottage, he lighted up a second cigar, and muttered to himself—

“Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
Then for ever fare thee well!”

The Colonel blew his cloud in a different direction, and the departure was effected with much *éclat* and ceremony. Round whirled the wheels, crack went the lash,—the leader postilion dashing on, and the wheeler looking skilfully round at times to ascertain that all was right; the horses seeming in high courage, spirit, and order; coats polished as a mirror, and groomed to a nicety; traces tight as a cord just to its full extent, without too much pressure on its substance; and the tits kept up to them without relaxing. Nor is the driving of four horses thus, beneath the dignity of high life:—a good turn-out this way, cattle well matched, well driven, and stepping together, cheers the novice's heart. As the traveller thus started on life's high road, clouds of pulverised

matter announced that the distinguished *voyageur* was likely, one day or other, to kick up a dust in the world; in which some are destined to be covered with glory, some with honours, earned or forced upon them, and some merely by dust:—all this, however, is

“Non sine *pulvere* palmam.”

At this time mamma was theatrically clapping her hands, and exclaiming with delight at the idea of his bright career—

“My son, my son,—my beautiful, my brave!”

This was accented not in the language of Lady Randolph in maternal mourning, but in that of exultation at his approaching *début*; and she assured him at parting, that she would very soon follow him to town and set the square where she resided in a blaze,—that fancy balls and splendid *soirées*, dress dinners and private masquerades, should succeed each other with such effect and rapidity as would fill the columns of all the morning pa-

pers, and bring him out in a style in which never youth had been brought out before : in the interim she recommended him once more to study the Graces, and to spare no expense in acquiring a name in the corps in which he had the honour to serve. She advised him to give a number of gorgeous repasts, *lets off* as she termed them, which might even astonish the Guards, or at least prove to them that he had magnificent ideas, and had been bred up in luxury and profusion. “Ice all your wines,” said she, “except your Madeira, banish humble port from your board; dress your dessert with countless flowers and ornaments; purchase a princely service of plate of Rundell and Bridge; burn perfumes, *pastilles odoriferantes*, and leave nothing undone to entertain *en Seigneur*: expense shows the man: play little, but negligently, as if for a *passa tempo*, in order to comply with fashionable habits; seem always as if you never cared whether you lost or won; and do not let the



making a present of a beautiful dog, or stylish snuff-box, a merchaume pipe, or a high-priced horse, ever stand in the way of gaining a friend: such small acts of prodigality lead to praise and power, and they may be repaid tenfold by high connexions and a great match."

She ceased to speak, and here we may suppose our hero to be at the first stage of his journey. He was by this time tired of San Feliz; he resolved to get rid of him: he became like a court favourite, or jester out of date: he had no more novelty: and his patron pretending to be obliged to go on business to a lawyer in the neighbourhood, and having to call at the country-seat of a cousin on the road, he advised the Spaniard to proceed onwards, put twenty pounds into his hand, and booked him *per* mail coach, saying to himself, "*Ainsi finit l'histoire:*" after this he rested a few hours, and pursued his way, sporting a *solo* in the corner of his carriage.

On the third day Herbert Greenlaw arrived

in town, and it was time to decide to what hotel he was to drive. Long's was at first thought of; for there there are long corks, long credit, and long bills; there expensive dinners are given, which are as often paid for by the invited as the inviters—by what is vulgarly called afterclaps; from thence the young Exquisite toddles *Bacchi plenus* to the Greek-hall, in St. James's Street, where he is cleaned out; there private parties are named for an after-day (perchance a trip to Richmond), and the *riche monde* are made poor indeed!—from thence many a youth has made a bolt, and left *long* faces behind to add up his unsettled account, and carry it over to some prosperous Goldfinch who might take up his quarters; from thence more than one lodger has been lodged in *banco regis*:—the very name of Long's gives a flourish to an *entrée* into town, and six weeks at Long's has drawn scores of dandies and Corinthians to that abode for the sake of notoriety and fame; every thing there is

*dans le dernier goût*, and there even a professor of the gastronomic science, *le Docteur Cuisinier*,\* (as a French traveller called him,) could not complain of wines, or sauces, made-dishes, or foreign liqueurs. To Long's our hero was about to go; but he recollected that young Bramblewood had spoken well of the St. James's, and that the vicinity to the Palace would enable him to study the parade, to be at hand on court-days, and to see his brother officers on guard lounging their usual round, and nodding to fair dames smiling from their carriage-windows. To the St. James's he accordingly drove, whilst bowing and simpering waiters, active and officious porters, a respectful proprietor, and an admiring *profanum vulgus* hailed his arrival. The two carriages, bulky luggage, well and appropriately dressed attendants, augured well for a voluminous and correctly paid bill; and he was ushered

\* Now no more.

into a handsome suite of rooms, and all due preparations made for his refreshment and *toilette*. A thought of home for an instant flashed upon his mind, but the Guards and a London life soon rubbed the impression off.

“Is Sir George Gamble in town?” inquired our hero.

“No, Sir; he is at the Oaks.”

“And Lord Horseman?”

“Yes, Sir; he is just arrived.”

“Has Mr. Bramblewood, of the Guards, been here lately?”

“Not very; he is still on the Tower-duty, but we hope to see him soon: he is a great customer of ours: he dined here the day before he went on duty, in company with Lord Clanerin and Lord Hoax, and a rare set of the very flowers of fashion—the primest *bons vivans* of the day.”

“Well done, Mr. Waiter!” said young Herbert to himself; “but pray who is on *garde*?”

“ At the Life Guards ?”

“ No ; of *the Gardes*.”

“ Oh ! I don’t know, indeed ; and yet I passed the tilt-yard this morning at guard mounting ; but I observed Captain Lord Laurelworth, and two fine dashing subs on his arm—one of them was wounded at Waterloo, and the other is a youth just come from college—the son of a nabob, who makes the cash fly finely ; I am sure you would like to know them.”

“ I dare say I should—I am in the *Gardes* myself.”

The waiter made three bows—one for each regiment.

“ I suppose,” resumed the new-comer—“ I suppose I can have dinner by nine o’clock and a job carriage to take me for ten minutes to a couple of the theatres. To-morrow I shall send to the Acre for a vis-a-vis which I have ordered to be built ; and no doubt there are plenty of hells open to kill a small hour, and pick up a

good fellow for supper, at the expense of a few pieces of gold sacrificed at Pluto's shrine."

The waiter did not quite understand him; he, however, replied, "There is no person of the name of *Plato* who inhabits these parts. Mr. Crackpurse has a splendid establishment, near at hand, besides quite a palace about the Regent's Park; and he travels with his traps about him, like Pidcock's caravan, to New-market, and to all the races, and to all the places of fashionable resort; and such grand company frequent his house, that you might mistake it, some nights, for the House of Peers. There's Lord Glenmuck is always there, and Lord Dormouse, and lots of grand officers, and other dandies. Mr. Crackpurse has made a fine thing of it; but then you see, Sir, you would require somebody to take you to his gold-fishery—it is counted a *club like*, in order to keep out informers and ruined blades, who are up to too much for 'em; and so you must be a *member* of the club, or else you cannot get

in; and I would not recommend you to go to the common hells, the rookeries and pigeon-holes, cobweb warehouses and fly-traps, where the Greek committee sits nightly. At Crackpurse's, if you are had, it is by *nobs*, men *who have names*,—

‘A local habitation and a name,’—

nobles, Knights of the Golden Fleece, grandees, and such company as that. My Lords and Gentlemen is a common phrase at Crackpurse's to the club. We have the first-rate club-houses in our neighbourhood—White's and Boodle's—to which, doubtless, you will belong, and perhaps to the Union; but then these, again, are quite different from, and superior to, Crackpurse's or the minor hells: these are houses frequented by the first of the land only—your first-rates, or *top-sawyers*, as Mr. Crackpurse would call them—statesmen and members of Parliament; and all there is regular, orderly, noble, and *comme il faut* (the waiter was quite

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*au fait*). But I ask your pardon, Sir; pray what will you please to order for dinner?"

"Some turtle-soup, a chicken, turbot, or *vol-au-vent*, a roasted partridge, and some pine-apple fritters; ice my wine, and let my coffee be as strong as brandy, and as hot as Mr. Crackpurse's hell."

"You shall be obeyed."

"Will you dine in your apartments, or the coffee-room?" obsequiously asked another waiter.

"In my apartments; but I will just take a turn in the coffee-room, and may perhaps chance to pick up an acquaintance, for I hate to dine alone; but, I say, dress some beefsteaks for my dogs, and I will send them by-and-by to my mother's stables in the square, to be properly attended by some of my grooms, who will arrive to-morrow."

The waiter was struck with that respect which a long purse always produces on low minds,—but here he had to do with an officer



and a gentleman, one well born and well bred, and, what was to him most essential, well furnished with cash.

“Here,” concluded the gay militaire, throwing a flimsy at him, “take this hundred-pound-note, and get me change for it.”

The waiter's bow was one of his very best, and a very smart one it was. Off he flew, and returned *instantly* with the cash. Our hero, after two hours' toilet, glided up and down the coffee-room for five minutes, struck his repeater, looked in the mirror, and cast an eye over the *Morning Post*, that chronicle of fashions, manœuvres, motions, and evolutions; that pleasant breakfast companion, which, instead of thundering party and prejudice, and of arguing and systematizing away the hour of idleness, puts a bill of fare of fashion before your eye, with a brief *resumé* of what is going on in the world, and points out to ease, elegance, and *oisiveté*, where to catch folly as she flies, where to indulge in the *rage du jour*, where to bend Fan-

cy's steps, and to join the gay throng! Polished Post! thou art the guardsman's and the gentleman's delight, ay, and the gentlewoman's also. Does a mind bent upon pleasure, or a heart panting after fashion, wish to indulge in the gall of invective, to feed upon the spleen of the *outs*? Can a man going on guard, or off to Tattersal's, amuse himself with the distress of Ireland, the ruin of the country, suffering manufacturers, or the national establishment, the weight of taxes, or, (a massive article) the corruption of the times? Certainly not. It was said in a periodical, a year or two ago, of which we forget the name, that the Morning Chronicle was a gloomy representation of the day; that the Old Times had altered; that the New Times erred both in time and place; that the Star had set, and that there was nothing new under the Sun. As to myself (the author speaks in *propria persona*), I respect them all, provided I be not forced or bound to read them; but, in the name of the Guards and Co.,

I proclaim the Morning Post as the *Direction Post* to the road to town felicity, as the indicator of where and to whom to go in the gay season of London.

So thought Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw, ensign in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards; and he read, with undivided interest—"Lady Legerdemain's card party on every Sunday in Lent; the Countess of Carikill's concert on four successive Sundays; Sir Robert Runion's dinner party on the first of the ensuing month," etc. etc. etc. Then the advertisements, by which one may meet with so many desirable things. But these had no value with our young hero; and when he came to—"Wants a place, an active young man, who is willing to be employed in any domestic capacity," he cried, *nonsense!* and turned over the leaf.—"Connubial happiness!!!" Ah, let us look at that. But, upon a nearer view, it turned out to be nothing but a *drug!* Thus do things go under false colours. He then proceeded to—"Farm-

houses, villas, parks, and manors to let;" as also, advertisements for an agreeable partner, not only in a post-chaise or for a journey to the North, but for a partner for life, and for a sleeping partner in an advantageous trade or concern.\* The houses and villas were to be let with or without furniture; the manors were to be let as the *manners* of the mercenary are, to the best bidder; and the advertising partners were to be disposed of with or without either. The reader of the article was for having them *let alone*. He next came to Military Promotions, and here ended the paper.

\* We beg our marrying friends' pardon for confounding sleeping and other partners in trade and wedlock together; but as there are wife-hunters, who make a trade of it, and which generally turns out a bad concern, we hope we may be allowed the assimilation.

## CHAPTER III.

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A DROPPER IN AND THE DÉBUT.

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“ Qui brille au seconde rang, s’eclipse au premier.”

FRENCH PROVERB.

As the young Guardsman was adjusting the curls on his forehead, and settling his well-tied cravat, he heard a weak, silvery, yet well-bred voice, inquire a little fastidiously of the waiter, who were the present inmates of the hotel; and he addressed the varlet thus:—

“ Wai-ter,” (syllabling the word,) “ is there any body here, that any body knows?”

“ Why, yes, Sir ! There is Lord Rosemary, but he is to quit us for the North this evening ; and there is Mr. Barnsley Allrose, son to the Rev. Mr. Allrose ; and there is Samuel Barnsley Harman, and a young gentleman of im-

mense property, who is just come to join the Guards, Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw, Jun., Esq., of Greenlaw-Hall, in Northumberland, and of Chalk-Castle, in Yorkshire, and of the Home, in Derbyshire; whose father married Lord—I forget his name’s daughter: he is a mighty elegant youth.”

The gentle inquirer walked into the coffee-room and took his seat: his face was pleasing and intelligent; his eyes had flashed with wit, as his tongue had been the vehicle of repartee; he had the remains of the high-dressed man grafted on something rakish; but all was now broken and made up; a mass of sickly composure, gilded over by extreme urbanity. He was a man that the ruffian (and there are ruffians of high degree) would have laughed at, but one whom the gentleman (a being composed of sensibility, discrimination, and polished manners,) would have made place for. And here the young Guardsman did not belie the noble blood of his maternal line, nor the

true genuine honourable feelings of the independent, loyal, and patriotic country gentleman, from whom he sprang on the paternal side of the house. An exchange of snuff-boxes made them acquainted; and with some little persuasion, the young man, who was enchanted with the stranger's conversational talents, and his thorough knowledge of the world, prevailed upon him to partake of his dinner.

After ordering a second partridge, and an *omelette soufflée* to be added to the bill of fare, the invitation was accepted in a manner "nor bashful nor obtrusive." The acceptor was no adventurer, but a man of rank who had survived his fortune; and he knew the donor to be fit company for any class in polished life. It is now time to satisfy our reader who may ask us "quo nomine gaudet?" and to tell the dropper's-in name, ere we touch upon Barnaby Allrose, and Samuel Barnsley Harman, Esqrs. The dropper-in was Sir Lumbago Shuffleton,

Baronet, a beau of the old school. He was a scholar, a dangler, and a dancer; the most spirited masquerade character of his day, and as devoted to dress as ever the ex-king of the dandies was in his sunny hour. He was fanciful as a fair lady, but then genius and fancy met and combined in his composition. He could make pretty verses, and write pretty plays; and, perhaps, no better judge could be consulted on dramatic matters, and on affairs of *bon goût*. Sir Lumbago was a great favourite in his day. He was looked for at all the best parties, and would have been missed if absent from the Sunday park and gardens at the close of the spring. He was also a most welcome morning caller, and a pleasant neighbour at the lengthy dinners in high life; for he was diffuse and fluent in speech, without sameness; nor did the variety of his conversation arise from foolish or malicious invention; neither was he a collector of scandalous anecdotes, which some fashionables deal in in order to gratify one



acquaintance at the expense of another. There are men (males, we ought to say, for the male and the man differ often very widely)—there are things in male attire, and serene-looking princes and private gentlemen, who go down the line of fashion, like adjutants on parade, collecting the reports of each company with which they are connected; culling the pestiferous breathings of the blighting insinuation or the slanderous-killing “*on dit*.” These monsters are every where tolerated, and, in many places, raised to the seat of preference; but Sir Lumbago was none of these—his sallies of wit were mingled with good-humour, his jokes were sportful, his anecdotes entertaining. Yet now, alas! lacking the Peruvian dust which gilds the passport into society, he is forgotten by his contemporaries, and neglected by his *quondam soi-disans* friends: his budget of former good things wants revival, and his coachmaker and tailor want faith. It would suit many palates, and many readers, to

serve up a dish of irony to this *ancien chevalier's* cost, to sneer away his former fame, and scoff at his altered fortunes; but that shall never be our task, nor would a work entitled "*The Guards*" be worthy of the name which bespeaks the soldier and the man of honour, if it lent itself to the vile purpose of insulting age or adversity—of whispering away fair reputation, or of exciting a blush upon female cheeks, or raising a sigh in dear woman's sensitive bosom. Be it always remembered, that Sir Lumbago's first act in life was to discharge the debts of an honoured father, to whom the Baronet was a dutiful son: here he became first incumbered, and, as Fashion's wheel turned round, his resources were insufficient to follow the rapid and continuous motion—the Jews offered assistance, and shortly he became more and more involved, until he was beaten off the field of extravagance, and forced to retire to the shade, probably for life. It will, however, still be found, that wherever he drops in as a visitor, or a

guest, he will prove himself a second Chesterfield in politeness, and with a much better heart.

As Sir Lumbago had been the companion of the foreground figures of the *Tableau de Londres* of another date, he touched, during dinner, upon the Guards of his time,—the handsome Colonel Gr—v—r, now an old General—the celebrated northern Marquis, now commanding a national regiment—the equally hard-drinking Lord R——o, the L——xes, the Bl—t—res, and other noble lords grown grave and gray, as well as half a hundred departed or ruined heroes, not forgetting the Life Guards of that time, when the British Anacreon, Morris, who, *parfois*, is a better poet, used to sing his own songs with admirable effect; and when the fantastical D—s—n—y used to play off all the eccentricities of dress and behaviour which marked the season of his celebrity:—these were all very amusing, but our hero required the life, adventures, and vagaries

of the new school. Here the Baronet was at a fault, so that coffee and liqueur, whether *noyveau* or *parfait amour* matters not, were ordered at eleven o'clock, and the *duo* separated.

A job carriage had been in waiting a full hour to carry young Herbert to a couple of theatres; but the multiformed fascinations of the fair chanter of "I've been roaming" and "Cherry ripe" so riveted his admiration, that he sojourned at the one theatre until the curtain dropped, looking anxiously at a certain gay youth who handed her to her carriage, the Guard recruit wishing that the word *vester* might be changed into *noster*.

"Are you quite well to-night?" said a professional friend.

"Oh, yez," replied she, in such a languishing cadence, that the sound vibrated in the ears of our hero even in the hours of sleep;—there was so much in this "Oh, yez!" that he could not get it out of his brain. Yes, in itself, is a sweet word coming from smiling lips :

it is the flattering and gratifying monosyllable of assent ; it is the crier's prefatory address when he has goods on hand, valuables to dispose of, and the like ; and what goods and valuables can be more (we will not say marketable) desirable than beauty ? Then, again, this Oh, yes ! was softened into yez,\* the z being thrice as soft as the s ; and lastly, as it was done *scherzando*, it would have great effect.

At the conclusion of the scenic performance, our hero retired to his hotel, and took the waiter's advice of not mingling in promiscuous play ; and in the morning when his valet asked if he should order breakfast, the master was

\* Those who are acquainted with this magnet, and particularly her theatrical companions, will recognize her sportful manner of accenting the word, together with divers other enchantments in every thing which she says or does—(Remark, ye critics, that we speak merely as an amateur.) Such power has this performer over the heart, that we are assured that a pedant of fifty years old, the least inflammable-looking materials imaginable, and who came up from Cambridge per coach, purposely to see this lady, exclaimed, as he left the theatre, “ Si mea cum *vestris* valuissent vota.”

very near answering “ Oh, yez !” the word springing involuntarily, inserted in a page of the Pleasures of Memory, as soon as the *Chocolata*, which he learned to drink from his Spanish associate, was removed ; and after he had nearly eaten the wing of a *poulet en marinade*, and tossed about a few prawns, he took up the Post, and there saw the arrival of a brother *Elegant* in the Guards, from Brighton, at the Clarendon. He accordingly got pen, ink, and paper, and invited him to dinner : the answer was brought back by one of his footmen, declining the invitation, but proposing that Herbert should dine on guard with his friend, when he would have an opportunity of introducing him to a number of his brother officers. He at the same time announced to him the felicitous tidings of his having to kiss hands for his appointment, and of his having been in orders for guard. Shortly after, a comely orderly, with the Waterloo medal glittering on his breast, brought the orderly

book for his inspection ; and as he smiled contentedly on seeing his name beside that of an honourable Commoner on the same duty, he gave the orderly a sovereign to drink his health, and sent for Stultz to take his measure, and to make his regimentals with all possible speed.

A moment's attention, gentle and fashionable reader ! We are well aware that the eye of criticism may be here upon us ; we know as well as our severe observer, that officers are not put on guard until they have been fitted for parade ; we have been drilled ourselves, and are not ignorant of the Adjutant's instructions, together with the incipient duties of officer-recruits ; but we suppose these matters to be got over ; they would not much amuse our civil perusers,—much less the ladies, whose approbation will ever be of the highest value in our eyes ; and we therefore hope that we shall be pardoned for this trifling deviation from ordinary *routine*, and for this solitary instance of not keeping in view

the unities of time and place. Our old favourite companion Horace, who knew a thing or two in his day, tells us very broadly that

——“*Pictoribus atque poetis*  
*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*”

And if “*Pictoribus atque poetis*,” why not *Auctoribus*?—for the author requires his latitude, as well as the painter and the poet.

A first dinner with the Guards! How attractive to one of the corps! how desirable, indeed, to any one! “Well!” thought our hero, “I am only known to my friend and to Bramblewood in the Brigade;” and he considered that it would not be amiss to be seen a little previous to the dinner-hour. His cavalcade had arrived, and he could drive four-in-hand up and down St. James’s Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, May Fair, (where dwelt the fair songstress of the night before,—her whose lips give a better idea of “*Cherry ripe*,” than all the miserable rest of the ballad, which would come to nothing were it not for



“Becks and winks and wreathed smiles,  
Such as lurk on Hebe’s cheek.”)

He would thus be seen by the Guards on and off duty; they might recollect the person so driving, with two grooms behind him, and half a dozen handsome dogs; and this might pave the way to a distinguished reception. He might, at the same time, make a morning call, and look in at Tattersal’s; and after that appear on horseback, on an Arabian, followed by a thorough-bred grey, with a pedigree as long as that of Bourbon or Braganza. He had, however, a letter to write to his mother; but whilst that was going on, his vehicle was ordered to be in waiting at the door; and his riding-horses were also in attendance.

The Guards heeded them nought: scarcely an aristocratic eye was turned that way, and the

“Vulgi stante corona”

alone marked that riches and novelty were there !

Five o'clock struck when the youth took the ribbons and mounted the box : he was alone ; and as he double-thonged a wheeler at the top of St. James's Street, he heard one Guardsman say to another, " Who the devil have we got here ?" (Answer.) " Some rich citizen's son from College, or some better-born greenhorn pitching it strong to court notoriety."

He was mortified : but he was cheered in Piccadilly by coachees and cads.—" My eyes, Jack ! here's a fresh *swell* ! He cuts it fat, so help me Bob !"—" Strike me flat if he doesn't do the thing genteel ! four rare prads and a gallows pretty *vater-spaniel* ! all spick and span *noo*, too ! He has got the shiners, I'll answer for it. I say, Jacky, good luck to him ! I likes the cut of his gib, and the square of his *elburs*. I should be proud to be his head-coachman or stud-groom, so help me !"

For a few seconds vanity intoxicated the man—

“ He seems to nod, affects the God,”

and fain would he have been the out-and-outer king of low company ;—but a second thought drew him from the turf and stable *swell*, and he drove off with other feelings, and speedily returned to his hotel, with the Guards, and nothing but the Guards, in his mind :—so did the *esprit du corps* operate on his mind at that early period of being identified with the corps.

He must now prepare for dinner, and there he wished to lead, to rise superior to officers in general joining their regiment. He dressed elegantly, had a valuable antique on his finger, a diamond of high price in the bosom of his cambric under-garment, a glass round his neck, although he saw better without it, a costly snuff-box in his pocket ; and his Hookar Bedar was to call at the hour when he thought that a

military party might resort to smoking, with a magnificent hookar, an amber pipe, a gold tube, and a beautiful enamelled box of Havannah cigars. He had now to prepare his conversation: Mamma had made him cut Greek and Latin, to study heraldry, and to get the peerage by heart. He had all the branches of noble families, their bearings, distances, connexions, and adventures, at his fingers' ends. He had the Racing Kalendar also by rote. He had been long enough in Paris to talk of all its follies, vanities, and amusements. Of London he had seen but little; but he had the names of all the vocal and instrumental performers of the Opera in remembrance; he knew the whole *corps du ballet* by name; spoke scientifically of the *Coryphée*; could draw comparisons betwixt Paris and London; could talk at length of the vocal and saltatorial abilities of the Ballatore e Ballatrice; discuss affairs of opinion on this head; weigh in the scale of taste and fashion the merits of a Ronzi di Begnis and a Garcia;

of a Pasta (and an admirable Pasta it is), as a standing dish of gusto, an accomplished and refined performer in her powerful art; could throw in his dues of admiration to a Brocard and a Buron, and join in a laugh against poor Velluti, so hardly rubbed in "The Age," and caricatured with his female chorus-singers in the print-shops. He was quite as familiar with the nick-names of *Chalk Farm*\* for certain boxes, as if he had been *un habitué*, and straight took up his station there. True, all this would have made him a demigod in any of His Majesty's line regiments, and he expected that it would, at least, have procured him a value far above par in the *Gardes*; but alas! he was

\* We presume that we need not tell our readers that the two stage-boxes on each side of the pit tiers are thrown into double boxes, and are let to a number of noble blades, who *step in* there to admire *insteps*. The chalk which they receive from pretty feet and from feats of agility, has given the name above mentioned: this is perhaps in imitation of the Roman style,—*Pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat*.

mistaken, as we shall see. At this moment behold his Guard-friend arrives, the carriage drives up, and both personages start for a Guard-dinner ;—“ *Bon appétit, mes amis.*”

## CHAPTER IV.

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DISAPPOINTMENT.—HUMILIATION.—RETURN  
HOME.

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“Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow ;  
The rest is nought but leather and prunella.”

POPE.

HERBERT GREENLAW was kindly received by his brother officers, but without warmth : this commodity is not of town make ; it is an inhabitant of the country ; it pitches its tent, or bivouacs, where the hardships of a *campagne* (so called now, campaign being obsolete) draw comrades nearer together, and convince them of the comfort and necessity of union, mutual kindness, and mutual support. The officers of the Guards, who had deserved well of their country abroad, were not strangers to this

truth, but they considered it as out of time and place in London; and those who had entered the corps since the peace had no habits but those of the court and town—refined distance and well-bred indifference; nay, even the laurelled veterans had fallen into the soft chains of ease and pleasure, and never, except when together, thought of the victory or the wreath, fallen brethren and firm friendships. A little more of what is inurbanely called good fellowship—jollity, and a hearty welcome—exists in marching regiments; but the cavalry somewhat resembles the Guards, and the hardy dragoon is sunk into the military Exquisite. This first want of a certain degree of openness which puts a stranger at his ease, and makes timidity feel at home and happy, was no disappointment to our youth: mamma had taught him to be *very fine*, and he expected to find the same deportment in the polished *Gardes*; but what mortified him in the extreme was his failure in producing any effect on his brother-



officers. In the first instance, a Peer was there as a stranger, and engrossed more attention than the proud young Commoner; all his heraldry was useless, not being brought into play; and the absence of smoking kept his splendid apparatus for that amusement in the dark. In the conversation he could take little part, because a knot of officers had accidentally met together, who had served in Spain and Flanders: we allude not to the first campaign of the Low Countries, to the siege of Valenciennes, to Dunkirk, or any part of those military operations,—not that there was the smallest lack of true courage there, although it was not crowned with success,—but we mean the last glorious, final, and decisive *campagne*, or campaign, of Belgium, (which, be it well remembered, was always known by the name of La Flandre Autrichienne in former times, and when under the yoke of the house of Hapsburg, just as Dunkirk, Gravelines, Lisle, &c. &c. were designated La Flandre Française,)

and which had the memorable battle of Waterloo, or of Mont St. Jean as the French call it, for its grand finale. This *réunion des braves*, which thus occurred *par hasard*, had all been engaged in the campaigns in question, either in or out of the Guards, (some having purchased since); and it was more than probable, it was natural, at a military dinner above all things, that they should have thus conversed: at a mixed assemblage not one would, even when the wine went briskly round, have fought all his battles o'er again,—

“ And thrice (have) routed all his foes,  
And thrice (thus) slew the slain ;”

but here discourse might naturally run almost entirely on the seat of war, military tactics, the two last wars, the politics of the Continent, the conduct and views of the belligerent and other powers. In the course of these discussions, French and Spanish were spoken; and two officers in particular, a Guardsman and a visiting most intelligent

artillery officer, displayed much science, and a very superior education. At this moment young Greenlaw would have felt a very painful inferiority, and might have regretted the waste of time on vanity and baubles, had not the pride of Lady Gertrude come in to his aid. He was now about to disrelish the corps, when, fortunately, a young ensign, who hid a yawn in a scented handkerchief, started the subject of crim. cons., elopements, and *faux pas* in high life. Here young Herbert could listen with attention, and even put in a word occasionally. Touching on Sir Jacobus Horsley, the Lieutenant said to the Ensign, "My dear Hervey, I wonder that you can be so blinded by former habits of friendship, contracted with this *triste chevalier* at college, as to pity him for what is the work of his own hands. His wife is as handsome as a star, and required good looking after; Jacobus was always a weak and vain creature at the university, and he has not improved since.

He is one of the many blockheads in the first circles who think that they may run wild the race of gallantry and voluptuousness, yet keep their wives chaste at home ; who hug to their souls the unction of self-confidence, and imagine that their intrigues and *amours* must either be ignored, or tolerated by their *cara sposas*, whilst their happy partners have to sing affectionately, and like wedded simpletons,

‘ But if you dishonour my truth and deceive me,  
Should I e’er cease to love you ?  
Oh ! no, my love, no !’

It is, indeed, ‘no, my love, no!’ but in a very different sense of the word. Now Sir Jacobus has had the pride and folly to confide his *égarements* to his bottle companions, and the defendant was as well acquainted with them as any one. Did not a departed peer, whose eagle-winged genius imposes silence on his name, undermine his domestic happiness by counting his former adventures to Madame, and by leaving her to be convinced that he considered incontinence

as a *peccadillo* in a husband, but as an unpardonable *peccato* in a wife? nay, he did not take the pains to act up to the old Italian adage, which tells us that

‘ Peccato celato  
E la meta perdonato ;’

for he, as well as the poor gentleman with the long list of names, took no pains at all to throw the veil of concealment over his conjugal transgressions. I remember, also, a vain old would-be Adonis, the joint proprietor of a certain extinguished newspaper, a sharer in a certain theatre, and a transatlantic placeman, not forgetting his being a lawyer and a democrat: this aged *imbecile*, after marrying a blaze of youth and beauty, used to fill up his leisure and *tête-à-tête* hours with his amatory pursuits in his youth, and to introduce a harlequin family to his rib. The consequence of which was, that a certain diplomatic lord stepped in and won the lady’s affections, leaving her afterwards to infamy and a separation without law,

form, or ceremony ; and was the remote cause of her broken heart and wandering mind ; for, after acting with a company of strolling players, she suddenly disappeared from life's page, nor is the cause or manner of her death satisfactorily accounted for.—I know not," continued the speaker, " which to despise the most, the weakness or wickedness of such husbands."

The men of war were *in committee* at one corner of the table, whilst the men of pleasure were thus conversing at the other. Colonel St. George (the name is borrowed, nor could one be found dearer to an Englishman's heart) and Captain Howitzer had just defeated the French army at Talavera, when this little sally of morality attracted them ; it was rare at a mess-table, and it arrested their attention.

"That the *cornuto* should get no pecuniary satisfaction does not surprise me," added the moralising Lieutenant ; "because he did not come into court with clean hands ; and the *ex-*

*posé* must have cut him to the quick! but, nevertheless, it was too bad in one so well received in his house, *l'ami de la maison*, an intimate, as one may say, to act thus treacherously!"

"Why, my dear fellow!" affectedly lisped out a young lobster, who, by his youth and size, looked more like a lobster's claw, "it is quite evident that he felt at home—he could not take such a liberty with a stranger."

A general laugh terminated this topic:—so does it often occur that unprincipled habits become familiar, and pass off under a flash of wit, a flourish of rhetoric, or a plausible exterior. The apologist (if such he was in earnest) of vice, although extremely young, possesses a lively imagination, quick repartee, and a vein of humour, dangerous both to the speaker and the hearer, and yet the heart seems to be good. At Eton he was a wit—what he may be *plus tard*, we venture not to say, nor will we give either a nickname or his

initials, or cypher, assured that he will never be a cypher in society, and hoping that his off-hand talent will not make him forget merits more intrinsic.

The night was wearing away, and it is not in town as at out-quarters, that the mess-table is the only resource: clubs, hells, and other places, open their doors to the officer on duty, if within his limits, where they very artfully and very conveniently are placed; whilst the visitor has the theatres, the "Athomes," the quadrille parties, private play, and other private concerns, to fill up the remnant of his waking hours. A vast improvement has taken place since "the bottle, (*which*) gives us a glimpse through the gloom," was the only resource of the officers on duty; and since the Horse Guards used to be the scene of abominable nocturnal orgies and great expense, when staggering Subs might be picked up upon the pavement, or their pockets picked at the gaming-tables of Pall Mall and St.



James's Street. Hard drinking is everywhere declining in high life, both civil and military ; and we wish that our dashing blades of the day would decline all the other dangerous temptations which come in their way. Should the term *blade* appear unseemly, or too familiar for his Majesty's Guards, we beg leave to remind them ; that it is only as a *nom de guerre* ; that there is a variety of *blades*,—polished *blades*, pointed *blades*, well-tempered *blades*, keen-edged or sharp-set *blades*, gentle *blades*, and peaceable *blades*, such as do for chimney-ornaments, or militia-musters ; and we leave to the gallant Guards to select the denomination which best suits them : the two first, we are sure, belong to them ; and we trust that, in perusing our humble pages, the temper will be equal to the polish.

The party now broke up. Our young hero was but half pleased ; he did not feel so great as he expected, but he considered that he should rise in time, and, when Lady Ger-

trude's opening her house for the season took place, his comrades, no doubt, would be too happy to flock to her standard, which would give him a great elevation amongst his comrades. No one knew better than her ladyship how to render her parties both effective and attractive: she had the talent of pairing her guests, of inviting those who liked to meet, of allocating them together in quadrilles, at card-tables, and at supper; of pressing the old Paul and Paulina Pry's so as to fix them at the *Board of Green Cloth*, or in a corner at a concert, so that happy nymphs and happy swains might be alone in the multitude, and be disengaged from the toils of a waltz, or an *ecarté*, whilst capering misses and saltatorial beaux might be on the floor of admiration as much as they pleased. Nor was all this manœuvring the effect of dissipated manners, or self-interest; she was neither a raker at the gaming-table, nor a convenience to her illustrious visitors; it was merely a *tact* which she pos-

sessed, and by which she filled her house with the first company, and emptied her husband's coffers with the greatest despatch ; it also gained her popularity, and, as she thought, paved the way to the future greatness of her son.

Cheered with the prospect of her arrival, her darling son supported the *ennui* of his evening, and retired to rest, but not until he had gone contrary to the advice of not playing at common hells ; (Mr. Crackpurse's is an uncommon Pandemonium, nay, ranks, as we have already heard, as a *Club-like*.) At one of these, after losing his loose gold, he gave a check upon Coutts's bank for a hundred pounds : this brought all the locusts around him ; it augured admirably for the birds of prey ; and although our hero had no taste for gaming, no inveterate itch for the rattling of dice and the turning up of cards, still did he not quit the scene until he eased himself of five hundred sterling.

We cannot help wondering how men of sense and of family can risk whole fortunes in the most promiscuous and worst of company ; yet so it is. A certain amiable Duke had this rage in days of yore, and paid for just *peeping* into these sinks of perdition. The gains of these minor concerns, although no way comparable to the Crackpurse establishment, may be somewhat guessed at when we recollect that one gaming-table keeper (now no more) ushered his son into an estate, a seat in Parliament, and the highest army rank ; and when we refer to the worthies not very long ago sent to the Bench, and whose tenacity prevented one of them from paying the penalty, which would have been a bagatelle to him.

Morning and vapours, head-ache and heart-sickness, brought Herbert Greenlaw to his hotel ; but his powerful ally, pride, brought him out of the scrape again. “ D—n the money ! ” exclaimed he, “ it is nothing, after all. I will never go amongst these rascals again,

but live more with my brethren the Guards, and always play in good company. I must confess that, all dull as it was to me, I should have been safe with the officers of my regiment, amongst whom I met with nothing but talent, good-breeding, rational conversation, and, what I prize most, *le ton de la bonne compagnie, et l'usage du monde.*" With these words he fell asleep.

The sound of drums and fifes awakened him : this was succeeded by the martial music of a first-rate military band—it was that of the Guards, and he had intended to be an observing spectator of the parade. But the gaming-table overturns all order and duty ; and we doubt if the man devoted to *rouge et noir*, to the turning up of a Knave, (and all knaves deserve to be *turned-up* another way,) a King, or Queen, can be faithful to any engagement. The King would be ill served by such victims of infatuation ; and the Queen of Hearts might plead to them in vain ; whilst her Majesty of

Diamonds would find her property in jeopardy, if intrusted to such subjects. Club-law might have some effect upon these club gentry; and when the Spade came to perform its last duty, it would cast dust upon degraded remains, whose eyes had been blinded through life by the glittering dust of avarice, and the golden tide, which allures, but never satisfies the thirst of an ancient or a modern Tantalus. Our hero dressed, ordered breakfast, received a letter from his lady mother, and remembered that he was for guard next day. *La chocolata* seemed tasteless; strong coffee offered a stimulus to his nerves; he added to it a glass of *Curaçoa*; it heated, but relieved him not; and at this fatal moment the sweet form and sad *souvenir* of Emma seemed to flit before his eyes. "Shall I write to her? Certainly yes. Am I worthy of her? Oh! no. But she is too humbly born, and would obscure my bright passage through fashionable life."

The waiter entered, and it was a momentary

relief: the guilty or wavering mind, unable to support itself, flies to any foreign object to draw it from itself.

“By the way, waiter,” said our *Elégant*, “you said something the day before yesterday to Sir Lumbago about the inmates of the hotel:—who are Mr. Barnaby Allnose, and Samuel Barnsley Harman, Esquire?”

“Why, Sir, the latter gentleman is a fine, regular out-and-outer; one who cares not a pin for money; a monstrous handsome young fellow, and up to every thing: he has spent two fortunes already, and was *nigh* (a common term for near) being married to an heiress a few months ago; but he and his friend, who were to have taken off the young lady, fell short of cash on the road, and so the matter dropped off altogether, and there was a great change of situation: the parents shut up Miss, and the friends who were to have borne off the lady came home on the outside of a *day-coach*: however, this gentleman has so many

resources, that there's no doubt but he has got a third fortune; and some say that he has got a very rich widow in tow. All I know is, that he lives here like a prince, and never looks at his bills."

The waiter was only half informed:—he had many resources, but, like the strength of a beaten pugilist, they did not come *to time*. Before his marriage he was whitewashed, and his wife's fortune was so tied up as not to be a tangible article; he however set sail again, and got on shore, but was got off this time by a bankruptcy; and after a little more skirmishing, went off altogether, and left a different name at the hotel from that which the talkative waiter gave him to young Greenlaw.

"The other gentleman," continued he, —  
" (Coming, coming, Sir!) is a man of great family and abilities—a scholar, a poet, and a great traveller; he is the grandson of a Lord; and his father is high up in the Church; and the great folks like him most amazingly, both



for his wit and information: he, too, knows well how to live, and spares no expense."

In two or three days our hero heard a very different story from an elderly officer in his regiment, who gave him much information and good advice, the last of which he never took. The classical and able Barnaby had received an excellent education, and it had not been thrown away upon him; in fact, he had done more for himself than his preceptors, or even his travels: but as to the fortune and the pedigree, the poetical vein, and the high esteem of the great, it was embroidery upon canvass. His race was partly Judaical and partly Hibernian; or, as a wag observed, he was begotten betwixt a hautboy and a Jew's harp. His grandmamma was a Jewish actress, born, we believe, at Gibraltar; his grandpapa bore a name that smelt of the tribes of Judea, but he became ennobled and bore a title; he however forgot to marry grandmamma, and thus she had no right or title to the Right

Honourable. Papa was not born in wedlock, but was sent to school and college, and was accounted a bright scholar. He married a public singer, whose papa played the hautboy, or clarionet, at the head of a militia band; and when the conjugal noose was found a restraint, he broke his marriage, motived on nonage and the not having arrived at the years of discretion. His church promotion is lucrative; it was purchased, and is somehow or other made over to his creditors, whilst the Reverend travels about on the Continent, like a wandering Jew, and is the pillar of all *tripots* in Paris and elsewhere. He once was at the head of one in London, and the proprietors have still to regret the period. Mr. Lafolie, now an in-door lodger in a certain house over the water, paid dearly for his acquaintance, from his kind offer of discounting his bills. Poor Lafolie is the descendant of a banker: it is, therefore, hard to be *in Banco* where he is. Father and

son have no connexion; and the latter has many good points which the father lacks very much. As to poetry, Barnaby certainly wrote a thing or two in verse, so heavy that, had it been lead, it really might have had some price; as it is, *n'en parlons plus*. And as to the countenance of the great, his own good-natured countenance, good person, and showy manners, have gained him many friends. He has sense, he is a classic, and has discrimination, the want of which would ruin a statesman, and much more an adventurer:\* these always make him respectable and bear him up, and are the cause of his being most comfortably domesticated in the North, where he lives apparently free and independent, but with nothing but

\* Mr. Barnaby, after glittering in the West in a most creditable way,—for who so creditable as those who have numerous creditors and long-winded credit?—took up a position in St. George's in the East, and gave his creditors a draft in full of all demands on Lord Redesdale.

his good humour to feed and clothe him,—like Michael Cassio, the drunken lieutenant.

But it is time to return to young Greenlaw ; for, as *we* say in French, *Je reviens toujours à mes moutons*. This day passed in a round of visits, or rather of card-leaving, and was terminated by his dining with his friend on guard in the Tower :—the next day, happy event ! he was for guard.

## CHAPTER V.

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ON GUARD.—PRIDE FURTHER WOUNDED.

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“ His stubble beard shone like a field at harvest home ;  
Besides he was perfumed like a milliner ! ”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE gay and graceful youths who have had the fatigue of rising at seven o'clock A. M. after going to bed at four A. M., with the view of accomplishing a *toilette soignée* at or before ten, in order to be in time for *garde*, will understand and pity the trouble and anxiety of our military novice, who had this arduous task to perform. A scarlet coat (put on for the first time *only*) requires much more adjusting than

any other : a young officer wishes to be all the dandy, yet to have a certain *martial hair* (as the London drill-serjeant calls it) ; his clothes spic and span new, have unequalled lustre, yet he must try not to seem like a recruit : an epaulette is a weighty matter in a greenhorn Ensign's mind ; it must not hang like a swab dingle dangle in front, so as to make a young gentleman narrow-chested (even if this be the only gold or silver which he has in, or on his *chest*) ; it must not be thrown too far back, so as to leave a *plenum vacuum in the front*, and to cause the officer to pass for a *mere* soldier, or rather for a non-commissioned ; it must be so dexterously managed as to exhibit the officer and the gentleman in front and rear, and to render his shoulders square, broad, and well-proportioned, giving to the chest a fine expanded appearance. Touching the breast, there are two decided opinions, and they are tenaciously held and disputed, betwixt the Cavalry and Infantry, horse, foot,

and dragoons ; and betwixt the French models and the Prussian copyists :—the point, too, is very important ; therefore may we be allowed to dilate a little on it, because dress is next to address. The one mode is to thrust forth the pulmonary case, *i. e.* the bosom, like that of a pouting pigeon's, (and *pigeons* have very often cause to pout) : this arrangement gives a fine contrast to the pinching in of the waist, and it is possible that by it a young fellow may be considered as a being with a spacious enlarged heart ; but then the fact is, that this is better suited for the lancer or hussar, than for the heavy dragoon or infantry officer, because the *aiguillette* and gold or silver cord, together with the rest of the body harness of the former, and the braidings, buttons, furs, loose drapery, and pelisse of the latter, require something to play upon ; and when the pouting pigeon-breast is well bespangled and belaced, it looks like a noblewoman's pincushion, studded all over by her jewels. *Per contra*, (errors excepted) a

broad flat expanse, terminated by a pair of epaulettes, shows rank and strength together—“*Union et force ;*” and there is no need for putting the infantry officer *to a pinch*, as the lancer and the light cavalry-man are, and swelling out the contrasted conclusion of the figure, so as to make it resemble a Dutch toy. The well-dressed Guardsman comes down rather more square to the centre ; and, when he *acts upon the square*, “*All ’s well*” through life’s campagne. These matters duly taken into consideration, the sash became the next object of tasteful tying, and, after three *coups d’essai*, it was done in a masterly manner. The gorget was next to be centrally situated on the pectoral promontory, and the French valet de chambre kept up a quarter of an hour’s disputation upon this point : unfortunately for time, Monsieur de la France had served in Napoleon’s army ; and although he had been beaten with it in the Peninsula, yet he held all other troops very cheap. At length he was per-



mitted to place the *hausse-col*, muttering, “*La guerre, l’honneur, notre Empereur, et nos militaires,*” in a dozen forms, during which *vacant* interval the English footman swore at him *in sotto voce*, coloured up, and frowned at him with all his might, and whispered something between his teeth about *serving him out* if he set up any of his French *airs*; which, doubtless, if carried into practice, would have put Monsieur’s *pipe out*.

’Twas strange, but not less true, that young Greenlaw, though distant and haughty with all his other servants, was talkative and familiar with his foreign attendants. He had picked up this habit abroad, where the thing is common; nevertheless, we think that much evil, and no great good, can accrue from it, either abroad or at home. In the latter, it creates great jealousy in our native domestics, fosters the pride of the foreigner, and often leads to the exposure, betraying, and ruin of indulgent extravagants. The sword was the

last object of attention—to his laurelled comrades it was the first; this weapon sat awkwardly on his stranger thigh; it was a maiden sword, and might hang down its head on that account. The Frenchman was for having it thrust almost in front;\* the footman took it out of his hands and hung it behind: “*Jean fout,*” cried the hasty Gaul, (John footman, perhaps he meant); John looked *daggers* at him:—the master brought the weapon right upon the hip. The *chacot* we had almost forgotten; it was a capital omission; it bore a superb plume, so that our Ensign might fairly be called in *high feather*. But the clock struck, and the officer for duty was obliged to put it on any how, and it was not done in a very soldier-like manner; it did not please Napoleon’s *jeune garde*, who went off shrugging up his shoulders and singing,

“ Soldats François, chantez Roland,  
L’honneur de la Chevalerie.”

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\* The French infantry officers wear their swords odiously.

John footman swore at him loudly and heartily. Mounseer (as John called him) demanded “sa-tis-fac-tion.” “Oh ! I ’ll satisfy him,” cried John, “if he’ll come out in the court-yard.” “Dans la cour !” replied the offended party : “non, in Hyde Parc, with my sword.” On this John rudely gave him, not *quelque chose*, but kick shoes with a thorough good-will ; of which the latter complained vehemently to his master, who immediately turned John off.

Revenge, however, they say, is sweet, and surly John met his enemy soon after in the streets, and so *fisticated* him that he was obliged to keep his room for a week.

The young Ensign was now on Parade. His coat, although made by the first hand, had been altered three times :—it fitted him like wax, after divers cuttings-out of pieces, fine-drawings, paddings, bolsterings, et cetera, et cetera ; and he considered himself quite *comme il faut*, doubting not but that a thousand female voices

would echo through the streets, “What a handsome young officer ! what a sweet fellow !” —and a *sweet* fellow he was, for he seemed as if he lodged at the sign of the Civet Cat : you might wind him at a quarter of a mile off. He had rather overdone the matter, so that, when he came in front of the battalion, the Commanding Officer looked significantly at the Adjutant, and expressed the smile of pity which dwells next door to contempt : he, however, shook hands with him, and at the usual signal officers *fell in*.

He was afterwards very near falling out with Colonel Leadon, the Captain of the Guard ; who, taking him by the arm in a fatherly manner, after the different guards had marched off, gave him some unpalatable advice as to coxcombicality, the necessity for having a more soldier-like appearance, and instructed him how to put his cap on. It was rather unlucky for our novice that the Guard had a great sprinkling of old soldiers in it, both

officers and men : the Colonel was a Companion of the Bath, and wore its decoration in his button-hole ; the Lieutenant had the Waterloo medal ; and one Subaltern was a paragon of manly beauty, who quite eclipsed the proud heir of Greenlaw Hall : his only resource, therefore, was to pitch upon a spare, sickly-looking boy, of low stature, a weak sprig of quality, a brother Sub, and to make him his arm-companion through the day. He was almost a caricature by the side of well-proportioned privates ; but we have seen these tendrils turn out very well in time, as the oak sapling becomes at length the terror of the ocean, and the monarch of the woods.

The period of being on guard in peaceable times differs widely from that duty in a campaign : no attack, or surprise, is apprehended ; no frequent turning out of the guard ; no necessity exists for the mind that rests not, and the eye that never closes until the relief. Playing on the flute or guitar, back-gammon,

piquet, novels, newspapers, writing of *billets doux*, street-lounging, and sauntering into libraries, billiards, and clubs, fill up the otherwise tedious hours of the day. The Colonel ushered our young friend into the Naval and Military Magazine Library, where an intelligent man may mingle the *utile dulci*, and where an idle one may kill time and meet good company, either reading for improvement, skimming the fashionable articles of the morning papers, or procuring an Opera box. This variety amused the youth for a while; after which he joined his delicate-looking friend, who led him to all the other time-consuming places of elegant resort.

The dinner-hour was now approaching, and the young exquisite met his complaining valet, set himself a little to rights, and, as he found that he had been doomed—

“To waste his sweetness on the desert air,”

he lowered the dose of perfume, and refilled

his snuff-box, which had been exhausted in the morning. A packet of letters was brought to him, but he had not time to read them: there was, nevertheless, one from Emma:—his heart beat; but he might be too late for dinner, and he already dreaded the Colonel's frown. The stud-groom was in attendance to take orders about bleeding and physicking some of his cattle, and to report a purchase and a sale; for he had *carte blanche* in these matters, which he did not conduct gratis. The restive horse which had been put in harness a few days before, and which required castigation, was reported unfit for service (as many are) on account of temper. He cost two hundred, being a beautiful animal; but on Mr. Withers asking his master what was to be done with him, the answer was, "Sell him for what you can; send him to the devil, if you like."

This answer suited Mr. Withers to a hair:—  
"And, Sir, I have bought a match for your chesnuts."

“That ’s good !”

“I gave a long price.”

“I dare say you did ; but I have not time to attend to such matters now.”

(Valet de chambre.) “*Monsieur a-t-il plus besoin de moi ?*”

“*Non, certainement.*”

(Exit Frenchman.)

“Oh ! on second thoughts,—Orderly, call him back,—get me some money at Coutts’s.”

“*Sair, de banque is shot ;—c’est fermée il y a long tems.*”

“Why, then, run after Withers, and borrow fifty pounds of him ; I may want it in the evening.”

No sooner said than done. Withers never wanted money : the costly purse was pulled out, Henry Hase was crammed into it, and our Ensign appeared at dinner. The Colonel gave him an encouraging smile ; he assumed his place at table, took care not to be helped to



soup twice, which Sir Vapour Bain\* says is bad taste, merely picked a bit, praised nothing, gave an insipid *sourire* at every thing, intermingling all this detail with French words, snuff-taking between the courses, and looking at every object through the eyeglass:† of this he was cured in time, as of many other bad habits.

After Colonel Leadon had drunk wine with his young subaltern, he observed, “You are, I

\* Sir Vapour was dining at a law lord’s in Edinburgh, and was placed next to him at table. On his lordship’s asking to be helped to soup a second time, Sir Vapour observed, “It’s bad taste, my lord, to be helped twice to any thing.” The law lord looked at him for a moment, and replied, “Were you saying onny thing, laddie?”

† When a young fop first went to Trinity College, Dublin, he passed by the Head of the College without taking off his hat. “How long have you been here, young man?” said the reverend Doctor. “A week,” replied the fellow commoner. “Oh, oh! that’s very well; I thought so, for puppies never see until they are nine days old.

believe, acquainted with Colonel San Feliz, a Spanish officer?"

"Why, yes, Colonel, I picked the poor fellow up at a watering-place: I believe he is a mere *aventurier*, but he plays very well on the guitar, and is as fond of smoking as myself: I had him with me at Greenlaw Hall, and at some other of our estates; but he grew *ennuy-eux* and *monotone*, and, upon drawing nearer to the capital, I cut him and paid him off."

"Young gentleman," said the Colonel, "you surprise me much; where did you receive your education? He is a brave man; I served with him, and I know him to be such. To treat a poor gentleman with contempt does not bespeak a generous mind. The next time you dine on guard you probably may meet him as my guest."

"I should be most happy," replied the young guardsman, with a blush upon his face.

At a late hour after dinner it was proposed by a plurality of the officers to go for an hour

to Crackpurse's, just to try their luck. The Colonel shook his head, and retired. But they were not to be dissuaded from their usual habits.

“A new hand may turn the tide of fortune in our favour,” said the beau garçon subaltern.

“Oh! I assure you,” answered Greenlaw, “I am no new hand, no freshman, as we say at college. I have won and lost large sums frequently; oftener the latter than the former. I must allow, my losses were very considerable at the Saloon in Paris, and they touched me to the tune of twelve hundred at Frascati's. I lost a great deal of loose gold in the Palais Royal on a rainy Sunday; and I won a thousand pounds of a young Scot of the Houssards: it is true he never paid me, but *c'est égale*. He is one of those fellows who pass for dupes or pigeons, but who are Greeks at heart: his winnings he put in his pocket, and pleaded non-age against his gaming and annuity debts. He has taxed his tailor's and

coach-maker's bills, compromised his jeweller's, married a wife with some money, and left the army; yet he fain would be considered as a wild, extravagant, generous fellow, a reclaimed rake and a retrieved prodigal. Scot\* knows well enough what he is about, and did so even at school. His father only sent him to Westminster and to Oxford, in order to form noble and fashionable acquaintances, and to have an *entrée* to their families, where a wife or a place under government might be obtained from early habits of intimacy, or boasting of his property in the North, which is about half what he states it to be. It is, however, not every wooed lady, who, like Lady Marintown, sends down her man of business to survey her suitor's estate, before she ventures to tie the hymeneal knot. But to return to Scot: nothing is now so common, as for parents and sons to coalesce

\* The name of Scot only applies to this gentleman's country. The cavalry officers of the army of occupation last war, will easily guess his family name.

in their early plans at school and college, of turning their residence there to account; and nothing more common than for fellows to make a trade of the army, by getting into some fashionable corps, with the view of rubbing sleeves with nobility and riches, which they also contrive to turn to account; and after remaining a few years in the regiment they make a good thing of it, by selling out for half as much again as they gave for their commissions, having made ten or more per cent. for their purchase-money in the interim.—Pretty soldiers these indeed! I would not however advise them to try it on with *us*, (laying great emphasis on the word,) or with the polished Tenth. For my part, I detest such fellows; indeed, I hate all fellows who make any thing of any profession,—vile *plebs*! But let us go to Crackpurse-house, as you call it; I have a loose fifty pounds in my purse that I don't care about; it can neither do good nor harm,—so here goes.”

It is with the money which seems too little to do any thing with, that mighty mischief is made. An odd five pound, an odd sovereign, (no disrespect to the new kings of Europe,) an uneven sum arising from change—all these odd pounds go for nothing with the possessor. These odds and ends count not in the arithmetic of a spendthrift; they are estimated as nothing in themselves, but considered as capable of winning a round sum in a lottery, or any other game of hazard or speculative affair, where the little is risked for a great stake, and where the fractions amount to sums, and the sums amount in a little time to diminution of means, and which, going on, (to use a musical term,) not *crescendo*, but *diminuendo*, leads to ruin; and as our hero said, “ Here goes.”

## CHAPTER VI.

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CRACKPURSE-HOUSE.

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—————“ Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.”

HORAT.

THERE are two ways of gaining knowledge, by precept or experience: there are also two motives for acquiring this knowledge; namely, either to imitate or reject, to accept or to avoid. If a man passed by Lord Allvainly, or the ex-king of the dandies, he would like to know the name of his tailor, because each is a well-dressed man; but if he sat next to a man in the pit of the Opera-house, or fol-

lowed him down St. James's-street, with wrinkles all over the back of his tunic, and the cuffs so ill-cut as to display his wrists, he would like also to know the name of the awkward performer, in order to avoid him. Thus it is with greeks and greeking, gamesters and gaming-houses: they ought to be known, for the purpose of flying from their dangerous temptations; and as precept never does as much for us as practice or experience, it is not so unprofitable as may be imagined, to be an eye-witness to the ruin of the gaming-table, provided that the scholar does not pay too dear for the lesson! We are now at Crackpurse's—the period of this visit was previous to the coming down of the mansion, when the exterior was not remarkable for its style or elegance: the new structure of this Greek temple will, doubtless, be very magnificent, as there is no lack of gold to finish it off in the first form. We are told that Mr. Crackpurse, who is a step higher than vulgar, i. e. *wulgar*,



was much puzzled as to the order of his architecture. At first he was for the I. O. Nian—on account of the number of the I. O. U's which had gone towards its fabrication; but his dealer informed him that this would savour too much of the shop. The Doric was next suggested, and Mr. Crackpurse agreed to this, but merely for the pillars of the door, from which he supposed this order took its name; but Cerberus the porter, and Ambidexter the groom-porter, each put in a word, and overruled the proposal, when Crackpurse told them to put what posteses they liked, except the Gothic, that being too like himself. The Composite was at last agreed upon, and the order is very appropriate; the materials, or rather *materiel*, which compose it, are of divers substances, and from a variety of pockets: the gold of prodigality and folly; the soft paper of softer possessors; the bonds which have broken all the more binding ties and duties of humanity; together with the promissory notes

of some of the most promising youths of the country, now blighted in the hour of prosperity, and cut off from realising their brightest prospects!—there may be some stray-pieces wrung from speculative avarice, and others fallen from brutal intoxication:\* be that as it may, the *amalgam* will make a rare edifice, which will outstand the storming of those who have to *raise the wind* for the purpose of shaking its foundation. When the late Cooke, the able actor, left Liverpool, where he had been hissed for appearing in liquor on the stage, he put his head out of his post-chaise, and thus made his adieu: “Liverpool! I leave you; and you,

\* Whilst on the subject of intoxication, we cannot help remembering a scene in a minor hell, a few years ago. One of the punters was so drunk that he was troublesome to every body present. An Irish waiter reported this, and asked if the gentleman should not be turned out. “’Faith, I do not know,” said the hell-keeper: “his money is as good as any one’s else; but, perhaps, you had better take the *sense* of the meeting!” — “’Troth,” said Pat, “I should have very little to take *that way*; I think I had better take the man out myself.”

ye pampered purse-proud traders, I leave ye too ! there you are in your splendid mansions : and there is not a brick in your houses that has not been cemented by the blood of the blacks !” In like manner, perhaps, it may be said, that there is not a pillar or pediment, an architrave, or cornice, which has not been cemented by tears of regret, and by those who, giving credit to the gambler and dupe, have indirectly contributed to the pile now in its progress of erection. Having said thus for the temple or theatre of Chance, a few words on its dramatis personæ.

“ Who is that original, sitting on the right-hand of the dealer ?” inquired Herbert Greenlaw of one of his brother-officers, who was an *habitué* of the house.

“ That is Lord Glenmuck, the son of a red-headed bog-trotter, who had the luck to step into a title and a fortune, which came to him from a sixteenth cousin, a Catholic, and a cidevant officer in the French army. The old

man was a simpleton and a *debauché*, but professed a faith which he did not practise; he was very anxious to make a gentleman of his heir, but never could succeed in any shape;

“ (For) when in spite of Nature’s stubborn plan  
He trod (life’s) stage by way of gentleman,”

he was quite out of his element; but when he had to swear at a waiter, mill a coachman, or preside over the bottle, he was quite at home! The old Lord was, in his last days, very solicitous that the young man should adhere to the creed of his forefathers: for of the aged Peer it might be said with much truth, that

“ When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be:  
(But) When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he!”

Nevertheless, young hopeful changed his religion for the love of the lucre of gain; he married a wife of very gentlemanly habits, such as swearing, driving, and drinking; but she had also female habits which were very liberal,

free, and easy, but which did not tend to promote *la paix du menage*.—His Lordship, whom you see, is the worthy descendant of that honourable and happy couple : which parent he takes most after it, is difficult to ascertain, but some think that he has all the qualities of both, to which he superadds a very fertile invention. He is no common-place plodding matter-of-fact man, but a fellow of a brilliant invention, and a great economist of truth, which he respects so much that he never makes use of it but on emergencies, when he cannot do otherwise. My lord is a great friend to this house, and this lower house suits him far better than the upper one.

“ The next person to him is Lord Dormouse, so called from his insipid quiet habits : he is a fixture here, and ought be taken with the house, if it were to be disposed of. Crackpurse is very fond of the Lords and Gemmen of high name who honour his board with their presence, as a support to the concern, and as loadstones to vain and foolish youths, who

lose their money with more pleasure amongst titles, than in company with humble commoners and folks in business."

"*Rouge gagne la couleur*," was now accented.

"Stop!" lisped out a dandy, "put this twenty on the black; red cannot go for ever."

"And I say *red for ever*!" whispered the sickly boy of an Ensign; "I will support the cloth."

"Here goes the fifty at once," said young Greenlaw, "for the sake of the colour."

Luck changed, and the black ran eleven times; it was, as Mr. Hugh Bull termed it, "the Devil's own martingale." With respect to Mr. Hugh Bull, we do not know a man who has been more misrepresented, or unjustly ridiculed. He had a large fortune, and was extravagant in the use of it; and pray is he singular in this? He was very much liked in his regiment. He married a lady from off the stage; and pray have not Lord C. and Lord D., Lord W. L. and Lord T., and almost all

the Lords in the alphabet, done the same? Moreover, his lady is beautiful, attractive, and virtuous, beyond the power of scandal to impeach her in the least degree. Mr. Hugh Bull is fond of notoriety, and has purchased a princely country-house, where his hospitality is thrown away upon ingrates. Now, as for his wife's being the natural daughter of the Earl of Drum, and as to all the bad French which is put in Mr. Hugh Bull's mouth, there is not a word of truth in either; the one is a base "*on dit*," and the other, one of the bad jokes of "The Age." Mr. Hugh Bull is a good fellow; we know it, and we wish he would never go to Crackpurse House again. After the loss of the fifty pound, the young Guardsman tendered a draft on his banker for another fifty, which was cashed *instantly*: he received the amount in gold, and played by ten pound stakes at a time, which all vanished by the Devil's own martingale. The puny-looking Ensign put on a sovereign at a time, and had the

pleasure of seeing them ladled away one after another, as many another *spooney* had before him. The *beau garçon* was out one hundred. Young Greenlaw gave a second and a third draft for fifty pounds, and then swore he would play no more that night, merely because it was growing too late, and that he should have the head-ache at guard-relieving. He was half out of the room-door, when he was called back, and told that he had forgotten his last, a five-pound stake, which had won; and a five-pound note was held out to him, together with his five pieces of gold. He walked back to the table slowly, and as if reluctantly, with the most refined indifference; and as he was inserting the coin, he dropped the paper currency (yclept the *rag*, by radical democrat Cobbet), and turning from it said, "Let it lie, it is not worth stooping for; give it to some of the *gens de la maison*." At the words "*let it lie*," Lord Glenmuck's eyes flashed with admiration at such noble conduct; Lord Dormouse



could not believe his optics ; Crackpurse grinned admiration, and the rest of the party looked as if they thought that the youth was a fool.

“ Each gazed on other, none the silence broke,”

Till rising up the mighty Crackpurse spoke ;

and he spoke thus : “ That is a *gemman*, as fine a youth as ever my eyes did see. What grace ! what *helegance* ! what a magnanimous contempt for money ! I hope he will come here often ; so I’ll *foller* him down stairs and show him every attention in my power.”

He did so, offered him refreshment, hoped for the honour of seeing him again, was most proud of his *wisit* : to all which, and much more, our hero (greatly delighted at what he had partly overheard) replied, “ Thank you, Mr. Crackpurse, I certainly shall come again ; it is a very fair lounge when one is on guard, it is a good place to meet one’s acquaintance ; I’ll certainly patronize your house, and be a member of the concern. Good night to you :”

—the sun had nevertheless risen. On his way to the Guard-house, he inquired respecting the other visitors to the infernal regions; amongst the most prominent of whom were Lords Clannerin and Hoax. These noblemen were represented to be patrician Corinthians, regular amateurs, and proficient in their art: opinion, however, was divided on this point, and it was roundly asserted by the puny Ensign, that Lord Hoax had no harm in him, that he merely played for diversion, and, if he ever had hoaxed any one, it was a fair give and take, for that he had been had in his turn. As to the other peer, he has been so much in print at different times, that it is not fair to say any thing about him. It is likewise said that Dick Donkeylove, the humane member for the county of Blarney, in Paddy's Land, has some heavy charges against the noble Lord:—time will show. A young Rum-punchon once came in his way, which he drained a little; but the Transatlantic spooney showed

a great deal of cunning afterwards, and does not seem willing to pay for keeping company with his superiors. The rest of the gaming group was made up of flats from the West end of the town, of fortune or credit ; more officers of the *Gardes* off duty ; together with ways-and-means men, confederates, decoys, make-weights, and idlers ; whose losses, although comparatively small, make from their number united what would keep up a most expensive establishment, without taking into consideration the immense hauls of gold and silver fish which fall into the net of Piscator Crackpurse.

The morning advanced ; the usual pomp and circumstance of war took place : the Guards appeared glittering as usual on parade, with that vertical lace on their undress uniform which distinguishes them from other corps ; and with that townish and tonish air which belongs to them alone,—not forgetting the long coat, more seemly by half than a regi-

mental jacket. The Guards were soon relieved; whilst the Life Guards bore their share of military pride and glory through the Mall and in front of Whitehall, the sun glittering on their cuirasses, and their gay plumage floating in the breeze. They had at their head a certain Lord, the son of one of high military talent and renown; whether it may be said of him in that respect,

“Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis,”

we know not; but we suspect that he has a great deal of ground to go over, all bold and dashing as he is. He has to fight his way to the laurel-wreath; to get rid of one connexion, and to be *doubly noosed* by another; he has to lull his temper; to lose a limb and a rib; to declare himself hostile to a whole nation in time of peace. But such are the movements, military and conjugal, in high life, where we see the *changes, promotions, the retirings* upon full or

half-pay, together with the *dismissals* from the service, as frequent and as little thought of as the Gazette, which interests nobody but the parties concerned,—and very much concerned some of them are. Still going on with wedlock like a Gazette, how many are there neither on half-pay nor full-pay, but *unattached*! How many situations are done by deputy! What astonishing *increases* and *reductions* take place in Fashion's *corps*! A Matrimonial Gazette would be a most interesting thing; it would set the hymeneal corps all on the "*qui vive*;" would give activity to supineness, and quiescence to some of our too active female citizens; it would call drones into *attention*,—a military *caution* which we request them to receive with docility; and, finally, it might perhaps abridge the officious occupation of reporters in public and private, in the Senate and in the Courts of Justice, which once were formed to detect crime and to intimidate offenders, but which now

have turned into an amusement to the idle, and a resource to those who can amplify details, and shed a degree of fun and humour over delinquency,—that the wretch may suffer doubly, and the reporter may gain a daily meal.

## CHAPTER VII.

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OFF GUARD.

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“Tired with the toil of having nought to do.”

WHEN the guard was relieved, the young Ensign retired to rest. He had a host of servants, artists, and tradesmen, waiting for him, but they were all put off until the next day : his orders to his *valet de chambre* were, to be called at three ; to the stable department his directions were, to give his score of quadrupeds an airing, except a pair of curricie-horses, and a pair to follow, which were to be in attend-

ance precisely at four, for a morning drive ; and a footman was despatched to his friend Bramblewood, to appoint half-past four to take him up at his lodgings. This young man had been the companion of his youth, his countryman, and a relation : moreover, he knew the secret of his heart—and that heart, in spite of the dissipation into which he was plunged, required to be disburdened. Pleasure distracts, but it fills not the heart or mind : there was no solid satisfaction in all the expensive outgoings, and the life of vanity which he was pursuing : by it he had as yet reaped no benefit, had made no friends, nor even obtained the fame which he anticipated ; this, however, he had still in view, and he was resolved to obtain it, cost what it might. With these reflections, and a heated brain, he dropped asleep, and was called according to his orders. After an insipid breakfast, and a lengthy *toilette*, he was ready precisely at five, for what he called his



*morning* airing. He could not decently go out sooner, because, otherwise, his carriage would not have been long enough in waiting; two hours form the usual time for these operations; nothing so vulgar as to be ready when the carriage drives up to the door. This is, in the first place, spoiling servants, for they must learn patience; and secondly, what is worse again, it is depriving the neighbours and passers-by of the opportunity of admiring a stylish turnout, and of inquiring whose new carriage and fine horses are those? and thereby losing one of the finest opportunities of gaining notoriety and celebrity: besides, if you have a call to make on a less dashing friend than self, who, not keeping a long list of equipages, accepts a seat, he must inevitably be kept in expectation some time, in order to attach a proper value to the favour done.

At five minutes past five our hero mounted his curriele, and took up his friend. He drove straight for Hyde Park, and on the way nodded

to a dozen of friends, who had shared, not the pure hospitality, but the lavish expenditure, form, pomp, and ceremony, of Greenlaw-Hall: for, although the good squire would have kept up all the hospitable usages, warm welcome, good neighbourship, and generous charity of the olden times, my lady was too *magnifique* for such coarse fare; and her balls, private theatricals, and above all, her three months' residence in town, found ways and means of expending every shilling of her husband's rent-roll, and of docking and narrowing the fund which ought to have been destined for the indigent, and which great people ought to remember they only hold in trust for that purpose: but where Fashion usurps her tyrant sway, where emulative and ambitious pride consumes the heart, the rivalry which they create amongst beings of the same cast and weakness, produces nothing but sumptuous misery, and the unavailing waste of property. He also had the satisfaction of pulling up by

the side of three Countesses' landau, vis-à-vis, and barouche; and of being greeted with, "I saw you yesterday on *Garde*; I shall send you a card of invitation for my weekly *soirées*; or, I hope we shall see you at the Opera—my box is number —, on such a tier." Delightful sounds!!! Delectable *Gardes*! Dear London life! Never did young French military novice (and none are vainer than the French) see himself in female favour, and hum more contentedly to himself,

"Je suis militaire, c'est un bel état,"

than this youth, at this his outset in the army, and in the arena of beaux contending for the prize of excellence.

After an hour's drive, Herbert quitted the curricie, leaving it at the door of a Club-house, of which he had just been admitted a member; and prevailed on his friend to accompany him in trying the new horse which Mr. Withers had purchased for him: this was a

second exhibition. Withers had come with the new horse, but, as he was far above riding or leading him about in waiting, a groom was despatched on foot for this purpose, whilst another had the charge of a led horse for his master's riding companion, and was mounted on the most expensive horse of the three; namely, a hunter, bought for seven hundred sovereigns out of the Leicestershire hunt. The effect of the three grooms touching their hats simultaneously to the young Guardsman, as well as the like *obéissance* from him who received the reins from master, was very fine, master being at that time a caricature of fashion. The art of Cruickshanks and Stubbs might have been worthily employed here; and a few beautiful spaniels, and one bull-terrier, would have filled up the back-ground with much effect.\* We must, at the same time, do our hero the justice to say, that when he had been one month in

\* Eight hundred pounds worth of horse-flesh was here upon the *pavée*.

his regiment, the *outré* style of his dress, and the *hyper-coxcomical* manner of his high bearing, disappeared; he was quite *guardish* in both; a better style he could not have found.

At this moment a powerful rival, in an imbecile old man, passed him by, a thing alone, in a curricie with two out-riders, closely followed by his lady (and she was such by birth) in her chariot, with two footmen behind; both of which vehicles had been perceived by the two young friends, issuing in immediate succession from the *rus in urbem* residence of this veteran in pomp and frivolity. Herbert Greenlaw mistook him for a duke or an earl, but was much surprised at finding, on inquiry, that he was a simple Knight, and a simpler M. P.; and that, when travelling, he had a habit of being the precursor of his own establishment, consisting of carriage and six horses, *voiture de suite*, liveried cavalry, etc., etc., and would inform the astounded turnpike-man that such a cavalcade was on the road, and that it belonged to him;

paying toll at the same time as an excuse for this act of vanity. This haughty old body is in age, what another simple Knight and M.P. was in youth, and is in riper years; his name bespeaks a want of suavity; and each of them has that blot in his escutcheon, which would exempt them from hereditary honours and heraldic quarterings.

From trying the new horse, the youths looked in at Tattersal's to learn how bets were going: they also called in Portman Square, to procure a ready-furnished house for the season—nothing being so unfashionable as to save money by inhabiting the family town-house, which indeed became impracticable, from the number of reception-apartments, which had not left room for a second establishment. From Portman Square they cantered to the Naval and Military Magazine Office, observing that Lady Lydia Languish usually went there about six o'clock, on her way home to dress, either to get an Opera box for some friend, or to

procure a novel to be read at the breakfast-table. He was just in time to hand her out of her carriage, and to insist upon putting Vivian Grey and Almack's upon the vacant front seat. Her Ladyship was attended by a *protégée*, whose situation of dependence was evident by the precedence and other acts of humility demonstrated by the young lady, who, unfortunately for her patroness, was the handsomest of the two. Her arm was bestowed on Ensign Bramblewood, who played second fiddle with his friend, and who was nothing loth to show her every politeness in his power. These civilities produced an invitation for an *At Home*, and a select supper after the French play; and young Greenlaw did not fail to point out to his friend the advantage which he derived from having accompanied him in his matutine engagements.

It was now growing dark, although half the task of pleasure had not been performed. He had appointed an hour for having his miniature

taken *in uniform*, for his dear mamma,—the artist must be disappointed: he had three visits forgotten,—an empty carriage could accomplish this, after setting him down at dinner: he had made a match at tennis P. P.—money would get off that: letters to write,—too great a bore to be attended to: and an engagement to dinner at his relation the Bishop's, which he did not relish,—this could be got over by a bounce: Bramblewood could write an excuse whilst his friend was getting his hair curled: “*a violent cold caught on guard*”—excellent! and the *valet de chambre*, who could lie like *un arracheur de dents*, would make a probable story of it; and, as his Lordship and family did not frequent the open temples of voluptuousness and dissipation, nor spend the early hours of the morning, before and at sunrise, in dancing, card-playing, and fluttering about, there was no fear of the mendacious apology's being detected. The Bishop and the beau moved in different spheres: that of the former was most unat-



tractive to the latter : he, notwithstanding, did *condescend* to dine once with his Lordship ; but he assured his friends at the Opera and at Almack's, that there was nothing in the Bishop's house, except his venison, which had *le goût de revenez-y*.

Instead of complying with his engagement to the Bishop, young Greenlaw prevailed upon his companion to put off his by an equally truth-telling excuse, (so does example corrupt ! ) He was to assert that he was obliged to set off for the country to visit a sick relative : which left him at liberty to accompany his friend to Long's Hotel, at half-past eight, and gave them time for dress ; whereas the Bishop's hour was six precisely : “ and,” as young Greenlaw said, “ away with every thing formal and precise, orderly, stupid, and family-like ! ” At Long's our hero had a debt to pay, which he lost on a race ; and he had likewise to pick up the chit-chat of the day : here he met with a rare set of thorough-going fellows, and, for

the first time in his life, learned completely to spurn sensibility, and to laugh at the miseries of mankind. Sir Charles Callousheart read out aloud, *pro bono publico*, a letter from his tailor in the Fleet Prison, who laid his ruin to the account of the *worthy* Baronet. The epistle was laughed at by all, who agreed that to ruin a gross of tailors was good sport, observing, “D——me! they would ruin us, if we paid them; besides, they have a bankruptcy as a remedy.” (Sir Charles had been liberated by the Insolvent Act.)

An Exquisite of the Tenth here produced what he called a begging letter from a quondam intimate, to whose destruction he had largely contributed.

“And do you mean to lend him the twenty pieces?” said Sir Charles.

“De-ci-ded-ly not,” replied he; “an infernal fool! to live amongst men who had larger properties than himself. What are a few dirty acres of Maidenham Abbey, an old ruin of a

house, and about four hundred per annum? why a mere breakfast in high life. Why don't he go abroad and live upon his wits, as others do?"

Bramblewood was disgusted at this; but it was for a moment new and entertaining to Fashion's recruit; and might perhaps have produced the most poisonous effect, had not Colonel Leadon warned him on a field-day, that Sir Charles was a marked man, and not fit for his society.

At twelve the new carriage was announced, to take the couple to Lady Lydia's: but Greenlaw thought he could improve his appearance, and, after a third *toilette*, made his *entrée* at one A. M. Her Ladyship's was one of those meetings where nothing is proposed except a place in fashionable engagements in the newspapers, a crowd of names, and the underplot part of the piece of Match-making.

Her Ladyship was a widow, and, as her dowry was nearly annuitized away, she was

hanging-out for a partner and a treasury in one and the same person. Her Ladyship had cast her eye on the young Guardsman, and her fair companion felt not insensible to the amiability of his comrade; the *doux intérêt* which each inspired made the *soirée* pass off most agreeably.

The supper exhibited much taste, and the vocal powers of professional people beguiled the fleeting hours: these accomplished songsters were warbling within, whilst the feathered tribes were carolling without to welcome the sun in his bright passage from the east. What particularly delighted young Greenlaw was his having the place of preference at her Ladyship's board: she had so contrived the matter as to allow the departure of the crowd, and with it the list of superior titles, so that the favoured youth could enjoy the *première place* without offending jealous nobility. There was but one Baronet and an honourable Commoner present: the former was *l'ami de la*

*maison*, and did the honours at the foot of the table; the latter was more than recompensed for his distance from the lady of the house by being placed next to Lady Labradore, at the altar of whose vanity he was burning the grateful incense of flattery, and in whose captivated ear he was pouring the sweet oil of acceptable compliments. Maria, the companion, considered that she had made a conquest; so that there were three happy couples at the supper-table:—the others might have been sent to Coventry, for what Lady Lydia cared. Now, being sent to *Coventry* is next to being sent to *Hell*,\* (such a one as Mr. Crackpurse's, we mean,) for ruin dwells with each name.

At broad daylight the party broke up; Lady Lydia gave a friendly pressure of the palm of her lily hand to that of *le jeune militaire*, and, as Shakspeare says—

\* Our polished readers cannot suspect us of any other meaning: like a quality preacher, we

“ — Never mention hell to ears polite ;”

—i. e. what the Frenchman would call “ *le véritable*.”

——“Palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.”

Maria looked what words cannot tell; and upon that look the more sensible and sensitive youth lived for a week.

The friends returned to their respective homes; the hyper-fashionable worn out with fatigue, the more moderate being so infected by Love's treasured poison that he passed a sleepless morning.

The last words of her Ladyship to her beau were, “You won't forget this day week; and of course you will be at Miss Paton's benefit, and let me take you to the Countess San Florenzo's ball and concert to-morrow night:” all of which he accepted.

Maria only accented, in a dulcet tone, “I hope we shall see you soon again?”—the answer to which was, “Until then I shall be miserable; but I shall look for you in the Park at four o'clock.”

And whilst we are talking of last words after a splendid party, we must chronicle those of the

hero of the piece. “Do you not think,” said he, yawning at the same time, “that I have made a certain impression on the widow? What do you think of her?”

“Why,” replied the friend, “she is now a second Dido! and we may say with Virgil,

“At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura,  
Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.’”

Bramblewood was an excellent scholar, and had not forgotten his classics; but his friend had turned his back upon Homer and Sophocles, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, to get into what he considered better and more companionable society, and had substituted Rousseau and Voltaire, Pigault le Brun, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the last Peerage, and the Racing Calendar, to these old-fashioned gentlemen; so that he did not understand one word of the quotation; and not liking to show his ignorance, made no rejoinder but a nod of the head, and “*Adieu, mon ami.*” With respect

to the “*Gravi saucia cura*,” it might, for aught he knew, be something about the rich gravy and sauces of the banquet ; and the “*Vulnus alit venis*” referred, doubtless, to some article which *vain is* ! However, the matter was not worth inquiring into.

The sitting-up porter, as well as our Exquisite’s first tall footman, cursed late hours, and those who kept them : the latter wished the valet de chambre back to his own country, for being indulged in absenting himself after the evening dressing-time ; and the janitor sought his couch sulkily, and thinking how hard his lot is, who has to wait upon the votaries of pleasure and the followers of Fashion’s gilded car.

We have for a long time forgotten home, the country, fair Emma, and the tale connected with our hero’s history ; fashionable parties and the movements of *the Guards* naturally produce the oblivion of humbler subjects ;—and when we talk of the movements (or motions of the Guards), we mean not the common rotation



of duty, the exchange of quarters, (a thing, however, sometimes momentous to officers and privates and *la terreur des maris* ;) not the marching of one battalion from Knightsbridge Barracks to Portman-street, and of another from Portman-street to the King's Mews, and of a third from thence to be quartered in Westminster ; but of the fashionable pursuits of the corps, their evolutions in high life, success, promotion, and advancement in all shapes, from winning a bet or a race on the turf or the water, to their having foreign governments and commands abroad, and marrying titles and heiresses at home :—but having made this digression, we will return to order and our duty in the very next chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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A DREAM, EMMA, AND A CONVERSATION.

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“ Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—  
The one, the chosen one, whose place  
In life or death is by thy side ?  
Think'st thou that she, whose only light  
In this dim world from thee hath shone,  
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
That must be her's when thou art gone ?  
That I can live, and let thee go,  
Who art my life itself ?—no, no !  
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
Out of its heart must perish too !

MOORE.

SUCH were the accents which Emma seemed to address to her lover in a dream, from which he awoke pale, agitated, and inflamed: he thrice looked up at the faint light, scarcely

convinced that the night had passed away, and that another day was added to the chain of years, each link of which forms the diurnal expenditure of time, and of which he might say, if he accounted with himself, “*Diem perdidit* —I have lost a day !”

It is wonderful indeed how few can be set down otherwise in pleasurable life ; for, if we take hours from days, we perhaps do not *live out* above seven or eight days in the month. We remember an old man, whom we deemed very severe at the time, making this diary for a fashionable youth of his acquaintance :—

“ One stupid hour in the morning, to think about getting up, being weak, weary, exhausted, and disappointed, by the insipid pleasures of the preceding night ; two hours to dress ; one hour to breakfast and pore over the newspaper ; two hours for exercise ; two more for second toilette ; eight hours for the banquet and public places ; eight for disturbed rest, or perhaps for the stupor of intoxication.”

How much of rational life is here?—But to return to young Greenlaw. He looked round and rubbed his eyes; and asked himself if this were a dream indeed, or a reality? The tenderness, yet energy of the words; the soft cadence with which they fell upon his imagination; the charm which they instilled into his breast, like vernal flowers dropping sweet odours; the truth which these lines conveyed when attributed to faithful and fond, modest and mild Emma; all combined in making him doubt the evidence of his senses, and led him to commune with his reason, and to ask whether her light directed or deceived him? The sound still echoed in his ear; it was just day-break: modest Aurora, with blushing cheek, like an attendant maiden on her lord, ushered in the Orb of Day! that potent luminary which calls into existence the feathered songsters, and wins the violet and the rose to open their young bosoms to his embrace, and bloom in gratitude for his life-giving charm. It was morn, but not

late enough to awaken the domestics of the hotel: he turned first on one side and then on the other, like Achilles after the death of his second-self, Patroclus,—

“Now prone, and now supine, behold him lay :  
Now shift his side, impatient of the day.”

He fell asleep again; but in a short time started and awoke a second time: he thought he saw her to whom he had plighted his boyish love—her who had grown with his increasing years, as the ivy steals on her loving life with the protective oak or humbler elm, ready to brave the storm, and share the summer-tide alike with him—her who had never changed, although he neglected her in the season of his ripening, and gave to pride and fashion those hours which might have been devoted to social happiness and pure attachment. Her elastic form appeared to approach him; but upon extending his arms towards it, it vanished!

“*Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.*”

It was now broad day, and he rang his bell violently. *Monsieur de la France* answered the summons, with “*Me voila, Monsieur ; mais il n'est que huit heures : j'espère que Monsieur n'est pas malade.*”

“*Pas absolument : mais je ne me porte pas trop bien ; j'ai eu une mauvaise nuit, et un rêve——.*” Here he broke off, and then added, “*Donnez moi ma robe de chambre —je prendrais un bain.*”

The loquacious Frenchman was just beginning to descant on the effect of dreams, when his master, complaining of the head-ache, dressed himself *à la hâte*, sent for a hackney-coach, and took a warm bath. He returned somewhat refreshed, but could eat no breakfast. Pomp, pride, and vanity, fashion and flirtation, could do nothing for him now ; his only resource was to send for his friend Bramblewood, and to solace himself by conversing about her who was the cause of his present melancholy and self-upbraiding. This young man was one of the

few who can lead a London life without a contamination of principle—who can keep company of the most elegant and polished manners in high and costly life (and nowhere could he meet with such more genuine than in the Guards), without diminishing his small property, or failing in performing any of his honourable engagements. He kept up no establishment, had only a pair of riding-horses, a groom, a soldier of his regiment as his body-servant, and a genteel lodging; yet was he everywhere invited, everywhere welcome; nowhere did he visit but in the first company. He was very popular in his regiment, amiable yet independent in his manners, and, amidst the bustle of a town-life, he still found time for reading and improving his mind: all these things may be and are done in the Guards, although Fashion woos and wins so many of the youth of the corps. And here it is but justice to acknowledge the distinguished services of so many officers of the Brigade, from

the earliest history of the corps to the present era ; to chronicle the names of the Clintons, a Huntly, a Smollet, and numerous others ; and to bestow the merited meed of praise on Sir Herbert Taylor ; who was to the illustrious regretted Prince what Le Clerc was to Buona-  
parte, (who called him "*Mon bras droit*,")—the right arm and benevolent heart which administered the royal and fatherly munificence of his beloved commander,—who stimulated and gloried in the magnanimous deeds of his patron and commanding officer—that noble veteran who delighted in the name of Guardsman ; witness his truly soldierlike, British, and princely letter to the Brigade on foreign service.

When Bramblewood obeyed the call of friendship, he found young Greenlaw in a state of great dejection ; to alleviate which, the former proposed that the latter should order his light mail, and drive the dashing four-in-hand, not up and down London streets, but ten miles



an end, to contemplate for once Nature and the country, and to breathe pure air and fresh vegetation. The proposal was agreed to, and speedily carried into effect: the direction of the banks of the Thames was pitched upon for the drive, and the Exquisite Greenlaw, for the first time in his life, took an early and simple dinner; after which his lamps were lighted, and he returned to dress for an evening party. The conversation naturally turned on Emma the whole of the day. He who had been a lover in the days of nature and simplicity, ere a fond but vain, and (in that point) criminal, mother had excited his ambition and vanity to its present fever, opened his mind to his comrade and relative.

“What shall I do with regard to Emma?” said he: “she is young; she is handsome and innocent; we have regarded each other from childhood; I am in a manner (he almost swallowed the word) betrothed to her: yet you see, my dear fellow, such a match is wholly

incompatible with my mother's views, and, indeed, with my own." (Bramblewood was about to speak.) "I know what you are going to say: I am rich, and want not a wife for the sake of her fortune:—true; but then family connexion; a bride in high life; a title which might in time ennoble the male side of the house, and lead not only to a seat in Parliament, but to the Baronetage. There is a dormant one in my mother's family, and if we could prove that it went in the female line, we should be all right. I must marry that sort of thing which would create envy, admiration, and respect—a commanding beauty (and, *soit dit en passant*, he might get plenty of them in high life),—one who, when riding in the Park with me, followed by two grooms, would be the star of attraction; one whom my brother officers might be proud to bow to from the *pavé* of St. James's-street. I must not wed a rustic, though lovely as an angel; must not throw myself away on one without a name,

not if my heart loved her to despair ; and as for mine, the toils of fashion have almost blunted its feelings." Here his off-leader, which was rather above his work, began to plunge ; his driver checked him, and cried, " Will you ? steady there, Rover ;" (Very apropos, thought Bramblewood.) " In a word, old fellow, I must cure this returning weakness. Marry her I must not ; and yet wholly to neglect her would be base indeed. To-night I mean to write to her, but what to say *m'embrouille diablement*."

This conversation, as our reader may perceive, was on the road : the friend listened to it attentively, weighed the matter fairly, and after taking a pinch of snuff, in order to give the last speaker breathing-time, he thus replied, " My dear Herbert, nothing is more difficult than to give advice in matters like these ; nothing so thankless, nothing more useless, for men, in general, have resolved on what to do ere they seek advice ; but you have asked mine,

and I hold it my duty to counsel you as I would act myself, having your interest sincerely at heart. With respect to Emma's birth, we know not who she is; but one thing is evident—she is of no low stock; her person, her manners, and the consideration which the clergyman and his wife, with whom she has been brought up, bestow on her, prove her to be of no base origin; besides, her virtues and her accomplishments are of the very first cast. By her sweet dispositions he has riveted the affections of those with whom she lives; they love her as their own child. By her brilliant qualities and her education, on which no pains have been spared, she is the pattern and ornament of her neighbourhood. All we know about her is, that she enjoys a small annuity, and considers herself an orphan; but, in spite of the ambiguity of that matter, she would do honour to any rank in society. Look at the birth of some of the most dashing characters in town, of both sexes. How many in affluence, splendour, and titles, foreign and national, have not been

born under the sanction of legitimacy ! A certain virtuosa Countess ; the two characters we named in our last drive, knights and members of Parliament ; the theatrical Colonel ; an old General-officer, and created baronet : moreover, look high in our peerage, and trace the illegitimate race of Stuart : then, again, high up in the French peerage, a duke of like royal descent. But as to Emma, we have no right to assume that she is a natural daughter ; all we can remark is, the taciturnity observed on the subject of her birth. I have, like yourself, known her from almost infancy ; a sweeter child never existed, nor one more dutiful, caressing, or grateful, to her adopted parents. It may be said of her in the words of the poet, in one of his most feeling poems,

‘ I may not count the thousand infant charms,  
Unconscious fascinations, undesign’d ;  
The prayer repeated in her father’s \* arms,  
That Heaven might bless her sire and all mankind.’

CAMPBELL.

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\* Her adopted father we mean.

I never aspired to the hand of Emma, but I should be proud of such a partner ; the marked preference which she bestowed on you, and which I then thought was returned on your part, precluded all possibility of my indulging a tender sentiment for her ; nay, had that not been the case, my fortune is not sufficient to bring her into society in a manner equal to her deserts. It would be doing her injustice to condemn merit, beauty, and talent, like hers, to a life of mediocrity, retirement, and obscurity ; not but that I think she would make a good poor gentleman's wife : however, it would be cruel to deprive higher society of such a jewel. As for what *you* ought to do, ask your own heart ; reflect on the past ; do not blind yourself ; slur not over by-gone vows, expressions, promises, conversations, sympathies ; resort not to the common yet dishonourable custom, of sporting with female feelings. However you may at present get over your obligations and marked attentions, believe me, a time may come

when your own heart may smite you if you have wiled this fair one's heart away ; if you have raised hopes and expectations to blight the one and to disappoint the other ; if you have,—mark, I put it to you *if*—if, I repeat it again, the tenor of your conduct has been such as to win those affections which you cannot requite by any but one act—that of making her your wife ! She has, you allow it yourself, already received some slights from you, which she has borne with mild and submissive patience. You might offend your mother by forming an alliance with virtue and beauty *only* ; but your worthy old father would easily be gained over, and she would be the pride of his age. You alone can be a judge as to the time and other circumstances connected with your union : but, in the plain unvarnished language of truth and honour—in the firm conviction that your duty prescribes to you but one noble, candid, and open line of conduct—I must say, that to desert her entirely, either by a cruel,

unmanly, abrupt breaking off, of which I believe you to be incapable ; or by a more usual, but not honester, compromising, seemingly-gentle falling off, would be an act unworthy of a soldier or a man, a stain on the noble blood in your veins, and would tarnish the lustre of that profession which you have embraced, and in which, we find, in spite of human frailty, that the bravest men are always the best ; or, as the song says,

‘ The spirit that’s boldest and bravest in war,  
Is the truest and fondest in love ! ’ ”

Luckily for young Greenlaw, they had just pulled up at an inn, and one of the grooms jumped down from the dicky to receive the ribands from his master’s hand. The gay youth kept a profound silence on the subject just concluded. Bramblewood proposed the early dinner, which, after some hesitation, motivated on fashionable custom, his friend consented to ; not omitting, however, to say,



“This is rural indeed; I don’t know whether I shall be able to eat any thing; however, I made no breakfast, and this may pass for a *dejeûné à la fourchette*.”

“Let it pass for what it will,” said the son of Nature; “*le nom n’y fait rien*,

‘A rose would smell as sweet by any other name.’

Order dinner, and I will be bound that the exercise and country air will produce a more salutary effect than all the provocations of tonics, *saucés piquantes*, or of drugs or incentives of any kind. Our usual dinner is the labourer’s supper; our luncheon, now refined into a *dejeûné à la fourchette*, is his dinner, and so on. There are many fair dames, too, who sip two spoonfuls of soup, taste a bit of fish, and conclude with the wing of a lark, or the decimal of a quail or golden plover at dinner, who will, at two or three P. M., in private, finish a mutton *cotelette*, the wing of a fowl, and an appropriate quantity of vegetables.”

So it was with our Exquisite ; who, after ordering a dozen French dishes, which he could not get executed, consumed half a dish of gudgeons, a veal *cotelette*, and the whole breast of a Dorking fowl, with a pint of pale sherry, and his share of a bottle of claret. After this he got into better spirits, and observed affectedly, “By Juno ! this early feeding agrees with me !”

“It would agree with us all,” quoth his reasonable companion, “if fashion permitted us to study our health and our happiness.”

“*Peut-etre*,” responded Greenlaw. Not a word more had as yet transpired concerning broken vows and Emma ; but the man of honour, the soldier, and the friend, was not to be put off thus : he brought the subject again upon the *tapis* still more vehemently, clearly, and distinctly, and required to know what he meant to do.”

“A moment, if you please : let us have coffee and some cherry-bounce : for *liqueurs*

I fear the *plebs* have not." These were brought. "Why," concluded he, "I should like to marry the girl vastly, if it were not for my dear mother: it would break her heart, were I to throw myself away, as she would call it. All I can do for Emma is, to make her splendid presents and to keep myself single: and that, I assure you, will be no easy task. And I shall have a dozen wives proposed to me by Lady Gertrude out of which to choose!"

"Your splendid presents Emma will value very little," said Bramblewood, "if the heart accompany not the gift. As to keeping yourself single, that is the least which you can do: it is an imperative act of justice; for, in fact, I presume you have positively promised to marry her?"

"Get the carriage, waiter; bring the bill! The cherry-brandy is diabolical: the most diminutive drop of pure, genuine, would be better; it would take away the vile taste."

The tenacious champion for beauty was not

thus to be beaten off the field. He put the question again.

“Why, in some measure, yes ; conditionally, to be sure :—that is to say, if I could get the consent of both parents. Emma would not accept my hand otherwise.”

“Generous soul !” interrupted the friend to woman.

“Yes ; but there’s the thing, for that I never shall obtain.” (To the Waiter) “Is all ready ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then let us have the lamps lighted and be off.”

This lighting the lamps and being off, was nothing else but trying to make light of the matter, and get off the best way he could. It availed him not ; no more than the turning and re-turning, the rising up and starting forward of one, who being wounded by a ball or an arrow unextracted, bears the one or other with them, do what they may—go where they will.

“ Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.”

Thus it was with the half false, half attached lover: the carriage seemed scarcely to move, although it went at a very brisk rate; silence and a change of subject were alternated; but the former came back always in a gloomy form. The approach of town was most welcome.

## CHAPTER IX.

## COUNTESS SAN FLORENZO'S CONCERT AND BALL.

“ Oh, how small wit, in this time—lessen'd age !—  
Can buy for men the witness of renown !  
Oh, how large envy, with a viper's rage,  
The brow of merit 'reaveth of its crown !  
That men, whom all hereafter shall disown,  
The dregs of time, and vile oblivion's prey,  
Hold in large fee the world, and, overblown  
With empty thoughts, grow lavish with decay.”

LORD THURLOW.

THE friends arrived in town, the important affair of dress was accomplished, and at the appointed time they repaired to Lady Lydia's house ; from whence they proceeded to the Square, not a hundred miles from Bond Street, where the amiable Countess holds her court of *virtù*.

Lady Lydia took young Greenlaw under her charge, as an introductress, for more reasons than one,—he was young, good-looking, rich, well-born, and in the Guards; and what portals of fashion could be shut against such qualifications? His dress and address, *ton* and presentability, made him an acquisition to any brilliant party as a foreground figure; not to mention the importance of the book of numbers in meetings of high life, where multiplication looks well in the suite of apartments thrown open for reception, and in the equally important columns of a newspaper, open as day to *inspection*. Those who give great parties have more interests to consult, more persons to satisfy and please, more allies to employ and subsidize, than the vulgar are aware of. There is, first, quality to attract, gentry to associate with them without offending pride, public characters to court for the sake of notoriety; secret intrigues and histories to get acquainted with, lest uncongenial bodies might be brought into

contact or collision; professional people to employ and pay, and that too with gracefulness, and an attention not to hurt their susceptibility; some rivals to start fairly, and others to keep apart for fear of raising jealousy, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; the press to soften down, reporters to gain, retain and preserve, and, lastly, the police to guard the haunts of pleasure from intrusion and plunder; albeit though when cards form the standing dish of the bill of fare, plunder of another kind may be allowed—but the predatory war must be waged by chiefs of the highest mark and name. Now, in addition to all these weighty matters, the Countess, who was accounted amongst the *conocenti* and *diletanti*, had to draw together people of various talents. These were like the rays emanating from her resplendence, and she felt that she shone amongst them. Young Greenlaw's passport to her party was grounded on and stamped by fashion, and countersigned by his gay and fair introduc-



tress. His friend was his shade, (great men have many, witness, for example, *Mæcenas et umbras*;) he also was a convenient drawer off of notice from the titled widow, and a most desirable arm-giver and attention-payer to the lovely Maria, on whom her lady patroness cast a doubtful and jealous eye, anxious that she should not be thought too little of, nor made too much of; that she should not engross too much admiration, nor be wholly lost in the throng.

The concert had begun, a piece of fine instrumental music was nearly in its midway progress. An *entrée* has always a bad effect on such occasions; but elegant *amateurs* know how to qualify this by a kind of tiptoe pacing in, by something that looks as if it meant “*zitto, taisez vous*,” “hush! mind me not,” and the like; whereas it means no such thing; to be unobserved, passed by, or neglected, would be abominable; but then all this manœuvring, this shaking of the head in prohibition of being

noticed by admiring beaux, or a taper finger applied to a coral lip, with a glove which many a Romeo fain would represent or be identified with,—

“That (*he*) might give a touch unto that cheek ;”

and a splendid bracelet over the wrist, terminating in lily hand—all this, we repeat it, (and a most momentous affair it is) tends to exhibit high breeding, taste for music, gentleness of disposition, and an exquisite imitation of humility. In spite of these preliminaries, the introduction passed off in the usual way ; the Countess and her Ladyship were charmed to see each other ; although the latter was no friend to the Countess, whether from envy, or what other motive, matters not : she was one of those who admired the Count, and used to observe, with a turn-up of the nose, that Miss Thingembob was too lucky to get such a man ; whilst more than one male gossip would cry, “A lucky dog indeed !—an Italian adventurer

to dance himself into such a fortune!" It would not require much trouble to find out the *motive* of this. Widows and unmarried ladies look not with an approving eye on those who have handsome, titled, or talented spouses; whilst those who bowed and scraped at these very parties, would have been glad to have taken *more steps* than the Count for the funded coin, the India stock and bonds, together with the house in the Square, etc., etc. The fact is, that, in spite of all the efforts of detraction, merit will find its level, and truth will be out; and *en dépit* of the tittle-tattle of nabob's gold, a cross-breed, counterfeit quality, the bend sinister in the nabob's arms, and the like, together with all the contradictory *on dits* respecting Count San Florenzo, he is acknowledged by his countrymen, and indisputably proved, to be descended lineally and legitimately from a *Duca e Principe*. His brother lives in magnificence, and keeps a large stud of horses; he is a well-bred polished nobleman,

and served with our army with honour and credit to himself;—whilst the Countess, although now grown into sleek rotundity, and no more the *dancing Miss* which she was once denominated, is virtuous, kind-tempered, and eminently accomplished as a musician, a dancer, a linguist, and as one of superior mental acquirements.

To the grand concerto,—which was highly relished by the judges of music present, and more praised by those who had neither ear nor taste for sweet sounds,—(and of these there are many: some have ear enough, by which a certain dumb animal is recognized, but no taste; others have plenty of taste, bad or good, but their own, but no ear for melodious notes; these, however, like the hired mourners mentioned by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*, are more demonstrative of feeling than those who really are moved by musical effect)—To the instrumental music aforesaid, succeeded the vocal art—that which approaches nearest to the heart,

and awakens our passions and sympathies, and is most intimately connected with

“ The hidden soul of harmony.”

The strength of the Opera was here enlisted, and the vocal part of the concert was admirable. In the course of the night, the Countess exhibited her excellence on the harp, and was much praised by the circle formed around her. Time was when the aspiring Count used to hang on her notes, (not her bank-notes, polished reader,) with enchanted ear; but now good breeding forbade him to draw near the spot; *l'usage du monde* prohibited such a procedure; moreover, it would be too much for a husband in high-life to be always *harping upon the same string*: this might do for the *boutiquaires* of the East, but would be scouted by the inhabitants of the West end of the town.

The ball followed the concert, and began at one o'clock; the supper, at a much later hour,

composed the *finale*. Lady Lydia and the Guardsman were only spectators of this active amusement; her Ladyship wished to lead her beau a dance of another kind: whether dancing attendance or pairing-off, (a very chaste parliamentary expression,) we leave to those who have *nous* (Greek *vous*, we mean,) to find out. Young Bramblewood and Maria stood up as a couple in the waltz, and as *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille,—the most desirable places for persons having a *penchant* for each other to occupy. Whilst they were thus disposed of, the Widow and her Cavalier promenaded through the different reception-rooms; the practised compliments were brought into play by the youth, and the usual corresponding airs and graces were played off by the object of *attractiveness*; (and why not as well as *destructiveness*, as the celebrated craniologist terms it,) for these qualities are closely connected. In truth, it was a most spirited flirtation, in which self-interest and vanity were blended—at least, on the part

of Lady Lydia; the military flirt brought only vanity into the field.

At the end of the second waltz, Bramblewood conducted his belle to the room where his friend and the object of his attentions were parading their gracefulness. Maria smiled at the seeming success of her patroness, as she passed by. A contented smile lighted up the features of her Ladyship. Our hero lost not a cubit of his natural stature, now improved by being well set up by the Adjutant, and still more exalted by approving beauty. His comrade, in touching his elbow *en passant*, pronounced the two letters *M. A.*\*

\* What a powerful engine a hint may be made of! We remember the fate of a suitor being decided in four letters in the box of a theatre. One young lady telegraphed to another on the back of a ticket, *M. E.*? meaning, *Est il aimé?*—the other returned the answer, *NO*; and he was rejected. But we also witnessed a more powerful hint:—A young officer, who expected his regiment to be ordered to the West-Indies, and had a mind to exchange, wrote a letter to his father, a military man also: the only answer was a blank cover, in which the old soldier inclosed a *white feather* picked out of his pillow.

“What does he mean?” gently accented Lady Lydia. “Why,” (a little confusedly,) “no doubt, Military Ardour, purporting that”——a pause——“it must be so—

‘None but the brave deserve the fair.’”

Her Ladyship smiled one of her warmest smiles. “Oh! Dryden to wit: yes, I understand you; I remember the lines—

‘Happy, happy, happy pair;—

the same, no doubt: ha! ha! not bad.”

True; but our Exquisite did not fully comprehend all the force of this. There was a good deal of female generalship in bringing in this quotation: it was like the Reserve at the close of an action. She expected it would be

The son immediately took the hint, and went out with his regiment. After this he distinguished himself in a number of engagements, and turned out an excellent officer: personal courage he never was deficient in—climate was all that he dreaded. He fell afterwards at Waterloo, much regretted.---Thus can a small hint deter, animate, or rally, if dexterously managed.



decisive; and the *Reserve* is a host of strength in a civil as well as a military *engagement*. The two letters M. A. had routed the wits of the young soldier: it was like an enflaming fire, which threw him into disorder. The widow perceived that her shot did not tell; she bit her lips: nothing but bringing the matter to *a point* could insure a victory, and this could not be done on the ground which they now occupied: she must take up a new position, rally him upon his want of intelligence, and bring in the powerful and well-served artillery of her eyes, to make him surrender himself a prisoner. *Grape* would have better suited the youth in this dilemma; but it could not be procured until after supper, when its aid came in *apropos*, and reinforced him so, that he redoubled in fine speeches, surpassed his usual skill in gallantry, plied his services in every possible elegant shape, and evinced so much tactics in this kind of *petite guerre*, that he was considered by *la bella Donna* as a se-

cond Paris ; and what much delighted the lady, his assiduities were remarked by the whole circle, some of the component parts or segments of which would willingly have made a *diversion* in their own favour.

Our gentle and peaceful readers will, we hope, forgive us for these military phrases: our love for the profession of arms, and our partiality for the Guards, may justify this language. Moreover, the warfare of the field, and the contending for the prize of beauty, resemble much:—there are *advances* and *retreats* in each, feints, *fausses attaques*, *skirmishes*, and other military matters. Philosophically speaking, also, life is a warfare on earth ; and, to many, a desperate skirmishing, not forgetting the *running* fight of *defeated* dandies, *pursuing* creditors, and the *followers* of the law.

A splendid supper, in which Gunter did his best with his usual taste, closed this costly scene, and all parties retired to their local habitations. Praise was loud in favour of the

entertaining couple ; yet envy and misrepresentation were not silent : the press, that powerful engine, was hard at work in favour of the good taste of the host and hostess, but they obtained not what was due to them from all. Be that as it may, each looked for his or her name in the list of company, of whom we shall shortly hereafter make mention.

The next pleasure to the night's entertainment, be it what it may, is the noonday discussion on its merits or demerits. The scenic performance (and "all the world's a stage") is reconsidered with the satisfaction which the critic has in finding faults, or the enthusiast of the author or the performer in running over the attractions which chaste acting produces. "Young," says one, "performed most scientifically ; but he is too much of the scholar and the gentleman, and not enough of the impassioned actor." "Kean," observes another, "looked his part, and took a powerful hold of the passions ; but there is a sameness in

the voice, a hoarse severity of tone, a snarling at variance with the nobility and humanity of man." "Ward understood his part well, but he mouthed it out; there is no end to him—he is like a Ward in Chancery." "Miss Paton—she warbles like a syren, but she is above her business." "Miss M. Tree is *at home* in every part; but," remarks an old maid, "I hate to see her wear the breeches; and now that she is married, the thing is worse." "Miss Stephens—her voice is mellifluous, but she is very plain." "Miss Foote—the child of Nature." "Well!" exclaims Never-to-be-pleased, "I don't like Miss Foote at all."

Thus it is on the dramatic stage. On that of life the case is just the same.

"The ball was good, but the supper very defective at Lady Belamour's," is the sentence pronounced by one guest. "The supper was admirable at the Nabob's, but the music was *pas grande chose*; poor Sir Roderic Potherpore is no judge of music, and he leaves these mat-

ters to his groom of the chambers, who pockets what he can, and gets the humblest performers, and every other thing but the *table-ware* as cheap as he can, for Sir Roderic is a man of appetite, but not of taste." These are the thanks which a man gets, who, after exhausting his constitution in making a fortune, is expending that fortune to entertain idlers and pampered satirists, who, like vermin, live upon those who are bit by them.

"Countess San Florenzo's party was superb, but there was too much foreign manner in it, too much fiddle-faddle, too much self," was the critique of a handful of unsatisfied visitors, who go backbiting from house to house.

Should this volume fall into the hands of the Countess San Florenzo, these truths may not be of disservice to her: she may reflect on the lines which introduce the chapter, and apply them not only to many frequenters of her parties, but of those with whom she is constantly in the habit of meeting. Did her temper and

spirit animate all her circle, it would be said of her parties, that

“ Fine forms alone shall visit there,  
With gentle voice and soften'd mien ;  
Nor cold distrust, nor pride severe,  
Nor selfishness, shall there be seen !”

But those who throw their houses open to the many will be repaid for their hospitality by the few,—*c'est ainsi partout*.

In two or three days all remembrance of the party faded away, and gave place to another house-opening, newer and more sumptuous: which again dissolved itself into the nothingness of oblivion, and mingled with the tide of pleasure, which carries its votaries down its stream; or was like a melting vapour in the sun, which glitters its little moment in the ray\* and

\* We gratefully acknowledge our owing the simile of the melting vapour to Captain Morris, formerly of the Life Guards; we extracted it from two very poetical lines of one of his excellent songs;—

“ Griefs like melting vapours fly,  
When Beauty's sun-beams warm me.”

is no more thought of after. So it will be with all vapours and vapourers of every texture, conformation, and appearance; thus they will invariably find it to the end of life's chapter. Which (*par parenthèse*) puts us in mind of turning over a new leaf, and of commencing a fresh chapter: a duty that would be equally beneficial to the vapourer to do, as well as ourselves: which shall be performed with as much celerity as the exit of the late Lord Bellamont's footman in disgrace, when his refined and eloquent master exclaimed, doubtless with an action which was suited to the word,—

“Caitiff evaporate !!!”

## CHAPTER X.

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THE COMPANY.

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“In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
Corpora.” —

OVID.

WHEN the blaze of lights and the glittering of lustres, the lamp-supporting statues and candelabra, together with the only emblem of reflection in the abodes of fashion (the mirrors), added to marble tables, alabaster, jasper, gilding, and the costly and tasteful drapery of hangings, gold fringe, china vases, and emblematical clocks, ornamented with or molu and studded with turquoise, in addition to many warmly breathing pictures—the *spiranti colori* of the Roman and Flemish schools, convert a sober brick building, fronted with stone,



or more probably with Roman cement, into a Temple of Venus, or a modern Pantheon in miniature,—it is not surprising that the animated statues, living lights, and speaking portraits under the roof should partake of some degree of metamorphosis also. Time changes many; but the mutations of dress are more numerous and greater. By this the faded flower is revived into freshness; the pale cheek assumes a rosy tint; the errors which Dame Nature has bestowed on some forms vanish before art; the iron-grey of fifty boasts glossy jet, auburn, or golden tresses, and age is put to flight: which justifies a certain intelligent Swiss traveller, who asserted, that he traversed all England without meeting an old woman in high life. Again, for one beauty which we meet with in broad day, we encounter a score by taper, torch, and lamp-light; for which reason the Italian proverb holds good:

“ Ni donna, ni tela,  
Non comprar a la candela.”

Nay we may follow Ovid farther in his *Metamorphoses*, when we contemplate more than one Daphne, pursued in her youth by a suitor, and now standing, as an evergreen, in spite of many a winter having passed over her head, like a laurel in a hot-house or conservatory; when we behold many an Actæon, not however made such by the Goddess of Chastity; and have to pity more than one Narcissus, who owes his ruin to his vanity, and to having a *pretty* face. So much for those who living have preserved their good looks, or found in the arcana of the dressing-room what father Time has deprived them of. As to those who have yielded to the despoiler, “Peace,” we say, to their manes, or living remains—*le beau reste* of a quondam fascinatress. And here we hang up the votive wreath to the once lovely Lady C——, the overblown Marchioness of ——, the Duchess of ——, and Lady C. C——, who now is, like the conversion of *Io in vaccam*, turned into a very Lady Bull in folio. But

to return to the *beau monde* of this dazzling assembly.

There were not at it so strong a muster of the Peerage as at Lady Lydia Languish's party: ribands and stars did not occur in such numbers; Ministry was not present to give the last high varnish to the newspaper flourish; neither were there any officers of *the* old or new Tenth Hussars there, Elegant Extracts, or Prince's mixture;—there was a sprinkling of the Guards, which embellished the moving picture, and an abundance of foreign Nobility with orders and distinctions—the badge of bravery, or the appendages of nobility, dangling at their button-hole; three Princes and Dukes, Counts and Viscounts, *Excellenzas*, and Chevaliers. Nor was there a less variety of languages passing through the halls and apartments, than there were of nations present at this meeting of rank and *bon ton*. We will not say a word of female voices; not a syllable about a confusion of tongues; not a hint of reference to the Tower

of Babel in days of yore ; but assert that, except on the Royal Exchange, we never witnessed a greater variety of speech and dress than in the Countess's painted and other chambers. Nor was it astonishing that it should be thus ; a rout is a place of meeting, of rendezvous, and a perpetual exchange of engaging looks, mutual urbanities, and reciprocal attentions : the only difference is, that on 'Change the object is business, whilst here the end proposed is pleasure ; and that the dresses of the mercantile crowd are descriptive of their countries, whilst here the variety consisted in the efforts and exertions of taste, expense, *et le désir de plaire*. In one saloon was to be heard, "*Servo suo, Signora Principessa, umilissimo servo suo, Signor Generale, come se chiama quella bellissima Signorina ?*" In another drawing-room you might feel the effects of the Spanish Embassy and its accompanying followers ; and, *Muy bien, poderoso senor, obligato senor caballero ;*" and (speaking of a passing

Grace) “ *E hermosa, e muy bonita,*” came from every quarter. The room leading to the orchestra represented an adjournment of a Paris party, and nothing but “ *Enchanté de vous voir, que vous êtes belle ce soir, une femme superbe !*” and “ *à vous rendre mes devoirs,*” were to be picked up in the conversational line. Indeed, it was a relief to hear any language spoken in its purity and integrity, and honestly by itself alone, without the alliance of other foreign powers. The ordinary monologues, colloquies, and many-tongued harangues in fashionable parties, are composed of a British groundwork, upon which ornamental figures are embroidered of foreign texture : if a phrase be half French and half English, the auditor may think himself very fairly dealt with ; for how can he expect from a person of distinction, or high fashion, a whole phrase in the vulgar tongue ? The elegant mixture is a predominance of French, occasionally supported by Italian ; or, indeed, any thing but plain Eng-

lish, or any of the dead languages. (These last are only sported by young men lately arrived from both universities, or from persons of the learned professions, who are not accounted drawing-room furniture.) At the same time that we bow down respectfully to this national improvement in speech, we also congratulate the fashionable world on an equal improvement in action, which has even reached beyond Temple-bar, where, formerly, anti-gallican shoulders could not even be lessened into a shrug.

In the foremost rank of quality, and at the head of a legion of beauties, stood a certain Ambassadorial Princess—for the *corps diplomatique* was *en force* here: she seemed like a comet surrounded by bright, but lesser stars, and representing at one and the same time the planet Venus and the Evening star—for she was that evening's luminary of admiration; as many glasses were raised and levelled at her as ever were poised at an eclipse. Near her was Mars:

—find him out who will; he cannot easily be mistaken. The Northern Bear shone in the Duke of Glentilt; whose second son, however, is one of the pearls of fashion which occasionally surround the crown. Another female Excellence was situate (so it is now called) near to the seat of command, and boasted the Princely honours of her husband also. Three daughters of Peers represented the Graces hard by; and the Muses, amongst whom the Countess San Florenzo herself stood as one, and an active one too, were distributed about in the music-room. The Prince Castle——(we must not say what) took his station near the Count Florenzo, and served, unintentionally, as he often had done before, as a foil to him; the silver locks of hoary fidelity, blending like the lily and the rose by the side of British youth and beauty, —the daughters of those who had welcomed them to our hospitable shores in their emigration. Those *preux Chevaliers* and followers of Royalty in adversity, held a central station

in the reception-rooms, either as visitors from the opposite shore, returned and discontented nobility, or connected with some embassy or public situation. There was no lack either of *inns* and *inns* of foreign growth, nor of professional persons, both employed and unemployed; employed, as in the concert, or unemployed, as contemplators of that Oriental wealth which both had formed the corner-stone of the edifice, and had built up the ample fortune of the only surviving sister of the late nabob: these were disposed of in the back-ground, and admirably marshalled as a rear rank, which reserves its fire for a proper opportunity, when the plaudits bestowed on vocal and ornamental success, the murmured praise given to the dancer or other object of eulogy on the carpet, and, above all, circulating the fame of their patroness either for her kindness or accomplishments, might come in with proper effect. A Scotch Peer, whose daughter had been the subject of much admiration on the



part of the defunct, headed a few opposition members, who had sat in the lower house with him, and had oftener tasted his calypash and calypee, and quaffed the produce of his choice cellar, than they had listened to him when upon his legs, where he made no great figure; although nothing backward or modest as a public orator, and a regular *finder out of farlies* against the 'Treasury benches. The Dandy Chief was much missed as a dancer and a *beau*: he had awarded the palm, more than once, to the Countess's dancing abilities in her unmarried and dancing days. Two or three of the dandy court alone remained as visitors of the house, and even these seemed as if times had altered with them.—A sprig of Divinity was often perceived reclining against a pillar, or seated *solo*, not very unlike to—

“Patience on a monument smiling at grief.”

The Countess had been a sincere friend to him through life; and it was considered by some,

that, if he had played his cards well, his situation would have been far different from what it was ; but he let slip the golden age, which blooms full often for many a one who allows it to go unheeded by, and has to regret it afterwards for many a day and year.

The Reverend is of a noble family, of a good person, and a good fellow ; but who, being early smitten by the taper ankle of one of the *corps du ballet*, made the *pas grave* of matrimony, without *balancé*-ing one moment ; and was *chassé*-d by his best friends, or rather, by those who called themselves so ; and thus gave up all his brightest prospects. He is not the first, or only one, who has been enamoured of a delightful figure of a dancer ; one who keeps up the Ball with much *eclat*, honour, and dignity, is an example of the contrary ;—but then a foreign name gives a better colouring to the article, and a marvellous tale adds interest to a paragraph on the subject ; whereas Madame is British-born ; and her papa, from being a *puff*

in the days of hair-powder, and one in the *tonsonial* line of practice, became the driver of a stage-coach, in which he did not acquit himself so well as in his former occupation ;—so that all this put together makes but a plebeian display; and, as the Reverend's relatives are from the land of thistles, and as proud as northern nobility possibly can be, a great deal of *clashmyclaver* has been issued forth against the aforesaid Reverend gentleman, for presuming to please himself without due respect to the family tree. The last class of attendants on the call of fashion had once been numerous in those walls: their number was now much reduced; for they were neither chamber ornaments nor *virtuosi*, and would have preferred a hookar to the finest instrument in the world, and a *hubble-bubble* to all the *toil and trouble* of a concert and a ball—men who would not barter a hot curry for a cold and distant Countess, nor exchange Madeira which had passed the Line, for the most honied accents

which ever fell from female lip \*, in verse or prose, in vocal sweetness or in gentle conversation—worthies who knew not a crotchet from a quaver, a tenor from a base, a sostenuto from a shake, nor the most difficult chromatic music from the simplest ballad of street success and celebrity. This *junta*, distinguishable by livid lips and climate-struck features, communed together, and sought ottomans and corners to converse at leisure on Sincapore and Bombay, tiffing and tiger-hunting; on bibis and cowlies, palanquins and other matters connected with their former lives and habits, which have been for the most part consumed in mercury and money-making, and which rather unfit them for the chalked floors of a quadrille assembly, and for the simpers and smiles of lady-parties and gilded drawing-rooms. A dingy relative was the last object of

\* A renowned German artist used often to say, “ Je ne donnerai pas un jambon de Mayence pour la plus belle femme du monde.”

remark, and appeared like a “*rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cigno.*”

Having thus finally taken leave of the Square, we return, *con amore*, to Emma, and to other subjects of general interest connected with our work.

The impression made on young Greenlaw by his friend, both on the road and at the last party which they attended, had shaken his ambition, and divided his mind betwixt the feelings of tenderness and those of pride. He was willing to make a compromise with his heart; and while he buoyed up his right honourable mother with the hopes of his forming an illustrious matrimonial connexion, he was resolved to lull the doubts and apprehensions of fair Emma into a quiescent state; and this he could the more easily do, because, having obtained permission of the clergyman to correspond with her, a certain reserve in his style might pass for circumspection and delicacy. He accordingly wrote rather fully to her on the morning after the concert and ball, and persuaded himself that he

had now performed all his duties. There were, nevertheless, two objects which perplexed him much: the flirtation with Lady Lydia, which led him into being a daily visitor; and the dread of his mother's coming to close quarters with him—and she was now daily expected in town. He was little short of a declaration with the widow, and yet he meant nothing by it but to feed both her's and his vanity at the same time. He enjoyed very highly the lolling half on his horse and half on her carriage-window in the day, and having his arm and society preferred to less successful swains in the nightly assemblies, public or private, of the *beau monde*; yet he was all trepidation lest the hour of explanation might be at hand: he was treading on a mine which might explode, yet still was he intoxicated by the admiration and notoriety which this adventure procured him. It was whispered in high circles, and talked of at the regiment, so that he was dubious how to pursue his present perilous progress, and how to extri-

cate himself with honour from the difficulties which environed him.

Thus it is that many a philandering flutterer flits round the flame, endangering the peace of mind of one party, and risking his own safety and happiness through life. Affairs of honour and legal processes press about him in menacing attitude; and the chance is equal if he escape unhurt, or burn his wings by his temerity. Just as he is ruminating on all these matters, and casting his eye on a newspaper *ou-dit*, adroitly managed, and such as often promotes and pushes on conjugal and less binding alliances—just as two duels and swinging damages in different causes struck his memory and froze his young blood, the orderly and orderly-book were announced, and the latter pointed out a field-day for the following morning. What a pity that it should come just on the very next morn succeeding a masquerade,\*

\* We are quite aware that masquerades have greatly fallen off of late years, both in interest and in the

where promise had been given to attend! True; but duty must not be forgotten;—besides, he began to take a liking for his profession, and much regarded and esteemed his brother officers, whose example had greatly improved him. He had the colours, too, to carry for the first time. This was, as it ought to be, considered as a high honour. *Eh bien!* he would attend Lady Lydia and the masquerade, and be present at the field-day without going to bed. This was in some shape,

“Partager ma vie entre la Gloire et vous.”

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quality of the attendants. The days when an heir-apparent used to honour the Pantheon, Opera-House, Ranelagh, &c., with his presence, and when rival duchesses in beauty and vogue were constant frequenters of the masquerade, are gone by. The noctes Londinenses, which received such support from the wit of Tom Sheridan and others, who were noted good characters in a masquerade, (not forgetting Sir Lumley Skeffington,) have also passed away. But rendezvous are occasionally made at these places, and high parties go for a whim, as they may to Astley's or any Summer theatre, once or twice in the season.



## CHAPTER XI.

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A FIELD DAY, AND OTHER GENERAL  
MATTERS.

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———“ The plumed troops, and the big war,  
That make ambition virtue———  
——— “ The neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, th’ ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.”

SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT four o’clock in the morning, our hero handed Lady Lydia to her carriage, and returned to the ready-furnished house which he had taken, (for he had just left the Hotel). The faithful friend followed with Maria; and

it was agreed that he should accompany his comrade home, and, after two hours' sleep upon a couch, take a warm bath and dress for the field-day. These were young soldiers: some of those who were acquainted with the bivouac, would have considered this a most luxurious night's quarters.

The hour arrived for the officers' falling in with their respective companies. The comrades galloped down to the parade, dismounted, drew swords, and were about to take their posts: the regimental colour was to be delivered to young Greenlaw, as junior ensign. He would have been prouder of the King's colour, which seniority would soon procure; but even the regimental colour imposes a weighty duty on the bearer of it: it represents the corps of which he is a member, identifies the *signifer* or standard-bearer with its honour, interest, and glory; honour and it must be saved together; and wherever the British flag, whether St. George's banner, the Union, or regimental colour,

floats in the air, they are to be considered, like the *Panache* of *Henri Quatre*—*l'Enseigne de la Victoire*.

Colonel Leadon took occasion, in complimenting the young subaltern on his carrying the colours for the first time, to observe how honourable a situation the standard-bearer's was, from the era of Roman glory, when the carrier of the Eagle, the *aquilifer*, was highly respected, down to the present day; and he reminded him of Buonaparte's motto for the flag attached to the standard—

“*Valeur et discipline !*”

—no bad lesson; but failed not to remark that our national motto,

“*Dieu et mon Droit,*”

includes every thing.

There are two descriptions of Ensigns which it is painful to see: the latter, however, never occurs in the Guards, and the former have a fault which is mending every day: the individuals are, beardless short boys, buckled on to a sword,

and holding England's meteor flag like a monkey playing with a quarterstaff; and grey-headed subalterns, either risen from the ranks, or kept back by poverty, and thus commanded by young men not arrived at years of discretion. Of the first class, we knew a boy, who, when mounted on horseback in uniform, really looked like General Jacko bestriding a bear, and the dirty children of Edinburgh used to cry out on perceiving him,

“The puggy and the boar,  
Never seen before.”

*Nevertheless* this same subaltern was one of the finest young men in the brigade of troops quartered in and about this capital—and that before he attained his twentieth year. And, touching the aged subalterns of the line, his late Royal Highness of York, with his paternal feeling for the comfort and honour of the service, prevented, as much as possible, the existence of ancient ensigns, and meliorated the lot of officers who could not purchase; for which

just and benevolent act, the gallant officer, unprovided with worldly pelf, may say to his shade—

“Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”

The field-day was long to officers who had been up nearly all night, or who had passed from the ball-room or gaming-table; but it was not too tedious to a number, who aspired to high military renown, and who were fond of their profession. And now see a score of handsome officers march to the regimental Barracks, return swords, fall out, and scamper home to their lodgings or houses. “Handsome is that handsome does” is a vulgar adage—and a very vulgar one it is: beauty and bravery are not at variance with each other, but quite the reverse; every Colonel is proud of having a handsome regiment; nevertheless he is equally proud of its good conduct and discipline everywhere and in every possible place. The Guards

have always possessed a handsome body of officers: nor can it be wondered at, where the first families and the most elegant young men of the kingdom have so many inducements for entering the Brigade; amongst which the obtaining military rank appertaining exclusively to the Guards, must be deemed the highest imaginable attraction to such as wish to ascend to the summit of their profession.

After certain civilities and mutual acknowledgments between officers of the corps at parting at the Barracks, young Greenlaw and Bramblewood walked off arm in arm, together with a few more young officers, who were invited to breakfast. The Colonel asked the former to breakfast with him, but he apologized for two reasons—first, because he had invited some of his comrades; and next, because the Colonel very frequently after breakfast conversed an hour on military tactics; turned over his fine collection of maps; and went over the seat of war, both of the Republican and Buonapartean era. To breakfast with the Colonel, a man

would require to be a good hand at drilling a regiment, and a respectable mathematician : now, as few men read professionally until they find the necessity for it, the young hands had no taste for the Colonel's coffee, seasoned by a military lecture.

A splendid *déjeuné à la fourchette* was spread for the military party, at which our hero produced his collection of pipes, snuff-boxes, French trinkets, and breed of spaniels ; he also prevailed upon his guests to accompany him to his stables to inspect his fine stud, produced all his sporting tackle, and made a number of little presents, which gained him popularity. In truth, now that he had turned a little more reasonable, and more assimilated to his regiment, he had become a great favourite in the corps.

Before the morning party broke up, the Adonis-like looking Subaltern engaged his friend to breakfast with him next : “ I cannot give you such a repast as you have,” added he, “ for I only occupy a first-

floor in New Bond-street, with a brace of servants—a man and a groom-boy ; but you shall have some Kipper salmon and cold moor-fowl from Scotland ; and I may perhaps show you and our comrade Bramblewood something which may please you.”

They accepted the offer, and were surprised at finding a splendid collection, not of books, but of authors ; and a numerous assortment of rare and expensive arms, both foreign and of British manufacture ;—Indian spears, arrows, match-lock guns, crossbows, Damascus and Solingen blades, a real Andrea-Ferrara broadsword, a rapier and Toledana from Spain, a stiletto ; together with guns and pistols of admirable workmanship. The taste for study, and for military science, which this young man possessed, convinced our novice for the first time, that manly beauty is not absolutely, although very frequently, an impediment to mental improvement ; and that the perfection and moderate ornament of the person are not



incompatible with intelligence, and the pursuits of science and literature.

At about one o'clock breakfast was over (an early hour for our Exquisite), and every one went his own way, and took his own path of pleasure :—some evinced their skill as dexterous whips, with a pair or four horses ; some ascended the humble tilbury to make morning calls at the club and billiard-table, tennis and fives-court, to try guns and pistols at the celebrated Joe Manton's, or to attend the Horse Bazaar, Tattersal's, and some auction frequented by the purchasers of rare pictures, porcelaine, or jewellery ; whilst others mounted their prancing steeds, and displayed their persons in all the places of elegant afternoon resort (previous to dinner, be it understood) ; or lolled in a cabriolet, with a fast-trotting horse, with which assignations might be kept, the *beau monde* might be contemplated *incog.*, and a loan might be effected by whisking down the New-road, Islington, and City-road, to the

abode of some accommodating bill-doer, discounting jeweller, kite-flyer, or some miser money-lender of one of the tribes of Egypt. In these close concerns of cabriolets, a fair female face is sometimes concealed, and the groom is, as in France, perched up behind; but this is bad taste: it looks so like blending economy with gallantry. Our hero, however, had one of these vehicles, having carriages of almost every description.

On this day, as well as on the foregoing one, our Guardsman was seen on horseback, alongside of Lady Lydia's triumphant car, still fanning the flame which he had raised, and she still continuing to consider that her conquest was every hour more and more complete. Those love experiments are perilous things, and whilst they are sport to one party, they may prove slow death to the other—him or her who is sincere and deeply wounded. In the present case, there was a great alloy mixed up in the golden ore of fascination on

the lady's part: as she got deeper in love, she simultaneously got deeper in debt; and it seemed uncertain which state would first bring the matter to a close. Each motive is extremely cogent; Love speaks for itself, but Debt is also very urgent and eloquent. For as Hudibras says—

“O! what an amorous thing is want,  
How debts and mortgages enchant.”

Whilst the Widow was playing this double part, the male flirt was not acting a much truer or opener one. He loved another woman, to whom he would have been united but for pride and ambition; so he adjourned the engagement *sine die*. He had a sort of *tend're* for the Widow; she was in fashion. He swallowed her soft speeches, dwelt upon her preferment, enjoyed the notoriety which they procured, and gloried in the envy which they gave rise to. This was the main plot of the two principal performers. Maria and Bramblewood formed the episode, and acted candidly and after nature, as will be seen in the sequel.

On the day succeeding the masquerade, whilst young Greenlaw was like a captive at a conqueror's chariot, the conversation betwixt the first couple of the amatory drama first assumed its usual form.

“ Ah ! you are here at *last*. I began to think that you had forgotten your promise. I thought that some more attractive engagement might have presented itself.”

“ That is impossible ! Did you not command me to come ? ”

“ Certainly not ! I only wished it.”

“ *Only* wished it ! You know that your Ladyship's wishes are laws to me ; and like those of Lycurgus, (this was a great effort, a happy hit,) such as never can be repealed.”

“ What ! not by the smile of a lovelier fair ? ”

“ Indeed, Lady Lydia, it is cruel of you to suppose such a thing ; but where must one look for her ? ”

“ Oh ! at the Opera ; at the play, or the next masquerade.”

“ I am sure, Lady Lydia cannot say that I sought any thing but to please her at the *last* masquerade.”

“ No, indeed: you were a dear good soul, most obligingly attentive. I never enjoyed a masquerade so much in my life; but I fear that I must have been a heavy weight on your arm, and engrossed your exclusive attention too much. It was hardly fair, with so many fine women in the room. I ought to have let you flutter a little; for that divine creature, Byron, asserts roundly, that—

‘ Love has no gift so grateful as his wings ;’

and Beaumarchais said long before him—

Si l’Amour porte des ailes,  
N’est-ce pas pour voltiger ?’ ”

“ That, sweet lady, will apply very well for Love’s light infantry, who are fond of *rencontres* and *partial engagements*; but I am a battalion man, firm as a rock, and true to my colours”

(she smiled); “besides, there are birds which like to dip and skim round Fashion’s stream,

‘ Like swallows o’er a lake ;’ ”

yet they only thus try the power and buoyancy of their feathers, to return again to the cage where they are willing captives.”

“ You are a very dangerous creature.”

Poor Maria was suffering all this time, nor did this flirtation amuse her in the least.

“ Have you seen your friend to-day ?” said she.

“ Oh, yes ! he cannot be far off ;”—and up he came at full speed. He arrived just as the last accents of *constancy and truth* fell from the lips of this gay deceiver.

“ Lord ! how this world is given to lying !” thought he to himself ;—“ too bad though :—poor Emma !”

He was now posted at the other window ; and a swarm of Elegants, who were in the habit of

paying their *devoirs* to her ladyship, bowed and cantered off in despair.

“*C'est une affaire finie,*” said one; “quite a constant couple.” “Ay,” added another. —“A brace of them,” remarked a third; “*et je leurs en ai fait mon compliment!*” Little did they know the successful cavalier.

“But,” resumed the flatterer, “how well you bear a night’s raking! the hours are, indeed, rosy hours with you, for they add roses to that cheek which seemed the day before incapable of improvement.”

(Her Ladyship pretended to put her hand to her ear.) “I must not listen any longer to you, Signor Cavaliere; it is enough to turn a poor female brain: we are weak vessels, and honied words are very likely to overturn our reason: you must not flatter me so, Greenlaw, I don’t like it!”—Ye powers! what a bounce; she was more than gratified.—“You must henceforth speak nothing

but truths: nay more, you must tell me my faults."

"If I am to tell you truths, I might say ten times more in your praise than I have done; the last office which your Ladyship has honoured me with, will be a mere sinecure."

"Fie, fie!" exclaimed her Ladyship.

The evening was coming on, and even the superlatively tonish people had almost all quit-  
ted the Park to dress for dinner. Young Greenlaw was to dine at a club-dinner; and Lady Lydia was engaged to her brother, a shy and retired character, who very much disapproved of her extravagance and flirting, and had not invited her last favourite: "But,"—— (beckoning her beau back at parting), "where shall we meet to-morrow?"

"It is dull Sunday," observed her *Cavaliere servente*.

"Never mind that," replied she; "dine with me, and I will take you to a Sunday School at Lady Reversie's."



“ I could not endure that ! ” uttered her spark in a fright.

“ You don’t understand me : the old Lady gives Sunday’s card parties to novices, and keeps the house by them. Don’t fail to come ; seven is our dinner-hour—eleven, her Ladyship’s time of meeting : I will take no excuse ; and bring the second Grandison with you ! ”—so she nicknamed Bramblewood ;—“ and there we will talk over all about that dear masquerade. *Au revoir !* Do take care of yourself ! ”

He put her glove to his lips. “ I wish you had said ‘ *For my sake !* ’ ”

“ Well I do, if that will make you happy.”

“ Decidedly so ! ” and he put spurs to his Arabian.

“ Upon my soul, ” said his friend in a severe tone, “ this is too much ! it is unhandsome to this lady, and shameful on Emma’s account ! ”

“ They manage these matters much better

in France, my dear fellow ; and now I wish you good day." They wheeled about, and separated.

This was the first time that any thing like alienation took place between these young friends. Herbert was too *leger* at this time to feel the thing much : he was intoxicated by the worst species of intoxication, namely, by success, by vanity, and such inebriation of the mind as ruins the best natural disposition in the world. And whether this arise from the intoxication of power, rash success, admiration, or female favour, matters not ; the senses are all in a state of insane heat, and reason is absent from its post ; nor is it possible that female favour, or female admiration, can be too temperately used, too delicately felt, or too highly valued.

*Honneur aux Dames.*

## CHAPTER XII.

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A LECTURE ON FLIRTATION IN GENERAL;  
A SUNDAY SCHOOL; AND AN EVENT.

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“ Belle parole e cativi fatti  
Igannano savi e matti.”

ITALIAN PROVERB.

“ Fair words and evil deeds, with specious lies,  
Humbug the unlearned and deceive the wise.”

WHAT is flirting?—An innocent custom? No.  
The small change of conversation? No: it is  
a counterfeit, and therefore ought not to pass  
current. It is a custom: so much the worse:

—of foreign origin: *tant pis*. What is meant by it? Nothing. That is false; it is intended to deceive, and *dulce est decipere in loco*. It passes off an hour: yes, but not blamelessly; it is calculated to mislead, to ruin, to undo. When flirts meet, it is diamond cut diamond; but it often happens that one is the deceiver, the other the victim, and that, if criminality follow not this fashionable artifice, the young mind is wounded, and the old flirt laughs at the mischief created. What are the elements of flirtation? Flattery. What are its component parts? Shreds and patches, a little quotation, a little prose and verse, a little novel-plagiary, French and English, nonsense, fiddle-faddle, hacknied repetitions, or fresh falsehoods. So it was with the *seemingly* rich vein of our hero: the laws of Lycurgus made a great appearance, but, unfortunately for its originality, it had been said sixty years ago by Beau Nash, the master of the ceremonies at Bath, (that ancient *arbiter elegantiarum*,) when a countess wished

him to allow the dancing to continue after midnight; the inflexible Nash, however, made the *rule absolute*. It was the same thing with the dipping and skimming round Fashion's stream; this was equally borrowed. He stole it from an admirable song of Morris's, but which, instead of making metaphors in favour of constancy, turns his simile the very contrary way; the lines are—

“ My Muse, whene'er her wings are dry,  
No frolic flights will take;  
But o'er the bowl will dip and fly,  
Like swallows round a lake.  
For me, the lighter head I wear,  
The lighter hangs my chain,  
And this I hold a reason clear  
To fill my glass again.”

These lines, however, are too nervous for the nambypamby of flirtation, coquetting, philandering, or whatever the *beau monde* may prefer calling it; nay, their tendency did not suit the present purposes of this gay deceiver.

Half an hour after the appointed time for

Lady Languish's dinner, her *soi-disant fidel berger* arrived. He never could keep to time; not even love or vanity could bring him to it: an inveterate and invariable habit of keeping people waiting, or of coming in the last at a dinner, or at any party whatsoever, gained him the nickname (in time) of the *late* Captain Greenlaw. He made the usual trifling excuses for his want of punctuality, when his amiable hostess observed, "It is a mere trifle, a few minutes, a thing that an *indifferent* person would not have perceived,—but—(languishingly)—“*C'est une éternité pour l'amour.*”

Her Ladyship had been most unmercifully dunned on the Saturday; she had even had Sunday calls; her brother had refused her a tenth loan, and gave her a very lengthy lesson on the subject of her expenditure: he blamed her also for breaking off with Sir John Jogtrot, their county member, after all but fixing the day. Her reason was his having *only* four thousand per annum, whilst her present lover

had five times as much in expectation ; and she would be not overnice in running him into debt during his father's life: particularly as she thought that she could get him into the house, and so see out the old gentleman before the next session; for when great people are in debt and in expensive habits, they think nothing of *seeing out* the relations from whom they have to inherit, nor (if backed by a Peerage or a seat in the Lower House) of seeing in—to prison, or the workhouse, their needy creditors who are most pressing. In addition to the misery of duns, she had no ready cash to carry on the war with, and she had exhausted all her ammunition of promises to get tradesmen's sons provided for in the revenue, (the Peace having cut off the rich resource of the navy and army) or of getting their children into the Blue-coat School. It is true that she had fulfilled some of these promises, having family and personal interest,—for who can refuse a pretty woman, nobly born, an accomplished female professor

of the art of enchantment, and the best and most expensively dressed woman in town? But for one promise which she had performed, she had broken half a dozen, and thus made many enemies, and drew down severe rebukes, harsh threats, and unmannerly epistles.

Thus desperately pushed, she had only a husband or the Continent to choose between; nay, it required money to go to the Continent, and her annuity was now received by her creditors: besides, she could not bear the *exposé* of her carriages and horses being sold after her departure, even if she got an appraiser to advance her the price of her furniture on a Saturday evening, previous to a (not very unusual) Sunday's departure, with four horses, a hired travelling carriage, and a man and maid in the confidence of the party escaping, and who may betray their trust, or, if they keep it, become saucy and insatiable ever after. A husband would be the effectual and legitimate means of building up her dilapidated finances, which



were now so low, that she actually hired her *own* jewels from a person with whom they were pledged: she was, notwithstanding, so good a general, that not one soul of her acquaintance knew, nor even suspected her real circumstances. She regulated her operations with such consummate skill, that none but her creditors were acquainted with the strength of her purse: just as an able commander of an army makes such demonstrations of giving battle as keep the enemy in fear of a general attack, at the very moment when the skilful tactician is retreating in good order; or as an experienced old spendthrift orders a new house to be built, or his park to be enlarged, whilst he retires, with this happy deception, in the front of the enemy, and takes up a strong position in the dominions of his Most Christian Majesty.

Lady Lydia had not yet come to entertaining money-lenders, nor to making unbecoming condescendences to her tradespeople; neither did she owe more than a year's wages to her

servants, who made large gains and perquisites, not directly from her purse, but indirectly through her medium ; to wit, from the well-furnished cellar and larder, from visitors and card-money, as well as in presents from fresh tradesmen, anxious to be employed, and in the drawback upon every article of the house-consumption. Thus, often, are the domestics rich whilst their employers are ruined ; and such is the elastic and extending conscience of the former, that they consider all this as *fair game* : they are the most clamorous and vituperating of all the master's or mistress's creditors ; and “ It is a hard and shabby thing ” (they tell all the world) “ to defraud a *poor* servant of his or her wages,” although *faithful* John can afford to give a thousand pounds for the good-will and lease of the sign of the Two Pigeons, (my lord and my lady, no doubt,) besides putting in furniture, ale, wine, beer, gin, corn-brandy, compounds, and other *combustibles* ; and although we find Mrs. Flottant just set up (after the

flight of the family) in an extensive boarding-house, or letting expensive lodgings in some of our watering-places.

There was not a moment to be lost by the widow : she accordingly resolved on bringing her swain to an unequivocal explanation—" He must *declare* himself," as marrying misses and intriguing mammas say, and who are sadly mortified if a renegade flirt insipidly reply, "*I declare* I do not understand you."

She wanted, at the same time, to marry off Maria ; and the better to accomplish her views, she resolved on first adopting that stimulating kind of conduct, which, aided by the sparkling glass, might move a rock ; and secondly, if this failed, she had in reserve the power of jealousy, which she would excite by flirting with Sir John at the Sunday-school ; and lastly, if the ingrate declared off (a thing which she believed to be impossible), she might perhaps still get the Baronet, and borrow money of him in the mean while. The worst of all

however was, that she had fallen into her own snare, so that she was *now* actually in love with the Guardsman, and truly hated her county-member.

She was not so inexperienced a stager as to have a party to meet her favourite; neither could she allow Maria to be *Mademoiselle de trop*: she therefore got two little nephews to occupy her attention, Bramblewood being really confined from indisposition. It is a sad thing to be Monsieur, or Madame, or Mademoiselle de Trop! The *De Trop* family is large; all inspectors-general of other people's concerns belong to this name: all intruders on a *tête-à-tête*; young ladies and gentlemen whose time hangs heavy, and who do not calculate that the *visit-ed* party has none to spare; bodkin in a post-chaise or other carriage, or the third in a walk; one who rides up to *dame et cavalier*, and makes himself quite welcome and at home, when, perhaps, *les affaires du cœur* are in discussion, or a system of manœuvring is the

subject-matter of discourse—all these are included in the family of De Trop. But what a fine eye an old stager has, so as never to be *de trop* anywhere!—half a glance will make the discovery.

Lady Lydia left Maria at home, that her plans at Lady Reversie's might be carried on with less observation, provided that her attempt to bring the youth to an explanation should fail. An elegant *petit diner* was provided, together with most delicious *taste-wines*; for she had gone round in her carriage to different wine-merchants, and ordered samples, promising her custom to each, if the quality should prove superior on trial. This is one way of getting credit when it grows slack; and it has another useful tendency—it ensures a good article; no merchant sending out any thing but his best on trial, whereas a speedy change is generally experienced by those who purchase large quantities, unless the vender have an old established name to keep up, or the purchaser be of that

exalted cast, as to rank, condition, and pay, (for all three need to go together,) which makes the merchant dread to lose his custom, and fearful of the influence of his recommendation and connexions, which, if diverted to another channel, would prove a very considerable loss. The young soldier said the prettiest things imaginable during dinner; spouted theatrically from two or three plays in his mistress's praise; swore that he never relished a dinner so much in his life; that Verez, Robert, and Beauvilliers, could not beat it; observed that the soup was *parfaite*, and a *fricassée, au possible*: he called the wine nectar and ambrosia, a beverage fit for the gods of the Greeks; and as it began to take some effect, he added, that so it ought, as she was the Goddess of his Idolatry. She now left him alone with her pretty nephews and a supply of the choicest juice of the grapes of France, Spain, and Italy, begging him to help himself, and she would announce the coffee to him very shortly. She employed this time in adding irresistibilities to her person. He was

then summoned to attend ; and did not fail to assure her that she looked divinely.

“ I have,” said she, “ nevertheless, doubts, dreads, cares, and anxieties, which chase sleep from my eyelids, and which even intrude when *you* are present to beguile the hour that otherwise would be given to thought.”

He did not take—“ I hope not,” was the unexpected word of comfort.

“ *Helas ! oui.*”

“ I am very sorry for it.”

How provoking !

A tear had now stolen into her eye: (there are enchanting women who have them at command ; in some they denote the storm ; in others, gentle, but genuine warmth.) He was now aware of the drift of this, and he was determined to avoid the *éclaircissement* : so, affecting kindness and levity together, a mixture *à la Française*, he shook her by the hand, and said, “ You are a dear, delightful woman, and it is a pity that you should know care or sorrow but by name.” Then striking his repeat-

er, "By Jove, how late! I had no idea of it." The carriage was in waiting, and Madame bounced out of the room: female indignation possessed her soul, but she must hide it. "Poor thing! she is vexed at something." Then turning to the harpsichord, "A piece of Beethoven's, by all that's pretty!" He hummed a bar, (it was a hum.) "Poor devil, I understand that he is in the deepest distress at Venice, (Would he have relieved it?) It's a d—d shame, an't it? But I wish our dear friend would make her appearance, I cannot stop all the evening at the Sunday-school." Lady Lydia re-appeared in lovely serenity. "Now you look like yourself;" and he handed her to her carriage, and accompanied her to Lady Reversie's. Four whole hours! and he had not *popped* the question. No; it is a serious *pop*—a *pop* which cannot be redeemed. Her last arrow was now in her quiver,—to make him jealous: she would try it.

After the usual introduction, which was less ceremonious than elsewhere, each took a place;



for the circle made a convenience of Lady Reversie's house, and she drew a revenue from the party. It consisted of battered beaux and tabbies, who passed their mornings in scandal and their nights at cards; to whom were added green-horns who knew not how to dispose of their Sunday evening, and were contented to meet a few titled people and the handsome widow, and to pay for the evening's entertainment. The old lady generally won at a round table. *Ecarté* she understood; *Vingt-et-un* she was lucky at; and at Commerce, instead of three lives, she had as many lives as a cat—between those which were dealt to her, those which she played for others, and those which were given to her by those who pretended to be tired of the game, and wished to do her a good turn.

Shortly after the *entrée* of the widow and her beau, she left him at the card-table, and went over to a corner of the room, where the county-member had just located himself after losing a rubber. She shook hands with him

with the greatest apparent cordiality: the simple man was delighted. After saying many agreeable things to him, she appeared to be in the most serious and deep conversation. The Guardsman had now been forced to take a hand at loo, and did not half relish this division of female attention; moreover, he wished to show his ascendancy over the greatest *belle* in the assembly: he therefore gave a gentle but familiar beckon, and a glance of the eye, pointing out that he wished her to come and sit by him. This was unheeded in the first instance, and, at the second telegraphic signal, not answered by a sportive, warm smile, meaning to convey, “My heart is with you, but can’t come just now—must endure this for a few seconds:”—the language which it conveyed was, “No indeed, I cannot be your slave—I have something more *solid* to attend to:”—and in fact, although her affections were on the other side of the house, yet interest for a moment cried “*here’s metal* more attractive.”

Her swain felt downright hurt ; and was so occupied with looking and making signals, and raising up his eyebrows, that he knew not what he was about, and of course lost his money.

During this interval, her Ladyship persuaded the honest Baronet that the cause of her neglect, and, in fact, dismissal, was care, anxiety, and her own imprudence in slighting her best friends for all the gaieties of town. This was what she intended to have said ; but the good-natured man stopped her at the word imprudence, and sighed out, “ If it is *only* money, Lady Lydia, you may command me, in the most disinterested way, to any extent. Doubtless you have been duped—your youth, your inexperience—I ’ll pay the money ; so cut with it.”

What a prize in life’s lottery !—how unexpected !—She dared not to reveal her difficulties, for fear of losing the second string to her bow ; but this happy turn was truly wonderful, and it still left a certain independence. A

woman of fashion may lose a large sum at private play, and still not be ruined ; whilst he who advances the dross, has a claim on her gratitude *at least*, as a certain noble of Hebraic extraction well knows.

“ Would one thousand—(the words all singly drawn out, and their effect marked with the eye)—would one thousand inconvenience you ?”

“ Not a bit ; nor two.”

Now, there was something shabby in the two ; it was not lover-like, but *Cocker*-like ;—ten would have sounded prettier.

“ And I will repay you when and how you like.”

Here again he interrupted her, and the interruption brought him near to the card-table ; for the moment she had gained the promise she was eager to walk him off, for fear of a parley about securities, and to induce him to fly off ; write the draft, and leave it at her house, that she might get the matter settled early next morning. The celerity of this movement brought

two bodies almost in contact—the lending body and the jealous body; and just as an *echelon* movement, with “right shoulders forward,” gained a free passage, the Baronet uttered these important and alarming words—“Repay me by a smile, when and where you will; I shall feel overpaid.”

Lady Lydia had *shuffled* him past her swain, who considered this as a signal to *cut*; and, having overheard the fatal sound, he gloomed on her approach, looked distant, pretended to mind his cards, and, the moment the game was over, made a speedy retreat without taking leave of her, and looking indignantly at his last *would-be* disdainful glance.

She had succeeded in raising jealousy, and what was more urgent, she had also succeeded in raising the wind; but she dreaded lest this double-headed shot might have done too much execution, and have killed her hopes, where she only meant to wound her *amoureux's* sensibility. She now felt more than ever at-

tached to Herbert Greenlaw ; and, having effected the loan, she resolved to keep her old suitor in long expectation : he was a quiet patient man, and could (she calculated) bear a little trial. She reflected once more that she had raised, or re-kindled a flame ; but a war with the elements is a dangerous experiment. He or she who breaks down a bank laved by a strong river, has much to apprehend lest inundation ensue. The course of a stream may be diverted ; but it becomes a very tragical diversion, if it spurn control, and cannot be either arrested or directed in its course. Thus it also is with fire, which, when it displays a commanding aspect, is a mortal and most dangerous foe. Let ladies be cautious of playing with flames, and of raising *sparks* into them ; they may all on a sudden take a fatal course, the least foreseen, and most contrary to intention.

Much would our fair lady have liked an explanation with the favoured one : his abrupt departure agonized her. She soon complained

of a nervous head-ache, made her adieux, and was handed to her carriage by the puny-looking boy in the Coldstream. “Tell your comrade,” said she, in a sweet, persuasive tone, which fine women always have when, quitting the *imperative*, they resort to the *optative* mood, —“tell your comrade, when you see him, that I am very ill.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

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LOVE QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION.—HER  
RETROSPECT OF THE MASQUERADE, AND  
AN ARRIVAL.

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“*Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor.*”—OVID.

LADY LYDIA'S abilities in the cabinet might have fitted her for a ministerial employment ; but she had unfortunately brought her heart into the field, and she had lost it. The draft for a thousand was now on her toilette-table ; but the monied interest could not counterbalance the weight upon her spirits, which the fear of losing the man of her heart had imposed upon



them. We leave it to the more skilful in these matters to decide why; but certain it is, that money commands not love, and that the paymaster—spouse or lover—loses ground before the winged idol, whose only notes are the promissory ones of an eternal flame,—a firm upon which I would advise novices *in arte amandi* not to place too much credit. Some pressing demands were satisfied, and the money disappeared, and with it all remembrance of the hand which lent it. Delicacy forbade him to call for three or four days; and then Champagne, her tall footman, told Sir John, that “*Mi Lady n’est pas visible :*” —neither were the means of payment. But if oblivion of one impression had taken off her powers of remembrance,—bitter regret, impatience, and anxiety, had taken possession of them at the same time.

She was about to write to her cruel one, when his friend Bramblewood called. “Let him in!” was accented from the staircase. He mounted *quatre à quatre !* Never was man so welcome.

Maria's heart leaped in her bosom, and sparkled in her eye! Lady Lydia flew to meet him, with—"My dear *Grandison*, you are the very man I want. Now don't stop talking an hour to Maria; you know, that she esteems you. But where is Greenlaw? inhuman creature! When did you see him? What have I done to him? Does he never mean to see me? Will you call on him for me?"—Here she wept sincerely.

The kind-hearted Bramblewood was melted by this appeal. He forgot all her levity, all her coquetting, and saw nothing but lovely woman in distress,—that gentle being made to temper man, and of whom it is truly said and sung, that—

“There's a charm in woman's eye,  
A language in her tear.”

He therefore, after striving to console her, set off with all possible haste to find his friend. He beheld him casting up a memorandum-book, which contained a lengthy list of losses at Brookes's, the Union, and other clubs, together

with the nightly mischief at Crackpurse's. The moment he entered the apartment, he thus accosted him :—

“ Upon my life, Herbert, I know not what to say first to you ; whether to reprehend you severely for your heartless conduct to Emma, to lecture you for the evil you have done to Lady Lydia, or to advise you touching the rage for play, which is of late gaining such ground with you. The second subject, however, is the most urgent ; and, as I am deputed to call upon you for an explanation on that head, I must begin there.”

“ I have lost many thousand pounds amongst them,” replied the Guardsman, affecting to wave the subject ; “ and although my Governor gave me unlimited credit on his banker, the house, friendly to the old Gentleman, and astounded at my heavy drafts, has just notified to me, that they must write home before they make any farther advances. I shall therefore write to my mother, and assure her

that all this has been lost in the first company; and I am sure that she will make all right."

"I dare say she will; but how can you make all right?"

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

"How will you restore the bosom's peace to two injured women: one of them, the pearl of innocence, to whom your faith is plighted; the other a more artful being, but who has fallen into her own toil, and has now become the victim of your criminal assiduities and false flattering tongue."

"Upon my soul, my friend, it requires some temper to listen to such strong language as this; and, *entre deux officiers* of so celebrated a corps, I have known gunpowder to be burned for much less."

"As you please touching that matter: but, previously to our meeting, be good enough to tell me what I am to say to Lady Lydia. She

is in an agony at your neglect, and wishes to see you."

"Why, my brave fire-eater, I have not the least idea of fighting you; but you know I detest dry lessons. If her Ladyship is really sorry for flirting with an ugly fellow, and so over head and ears in love with my unworthy self, tell her that I should be delighted to be reconciled, and that I will almost break my best horse's wind in galloping up to her house."

"Very well, Sir!"—and he was preparing to withdraw.

"Nay, now, my dear camarade, that is ill-natured. I am a mad-cap of a fellow; but I see my folly daily. Shake hands," (they did so,) "and I will be with my *adorata* in one hour from this moment, although now in my night-gown and slippers."

He went accordingly. On his appearing at the door of her boudoir, she held out her snowy hand like a flag of truce. It was impossible to renew hostilities after that. He

therefore pressed it to his lips; and each said the finest things in the world, both in explanation and mutual kindness. The youth proposed a morning excursion, in which he was to be the Phaeton entrusted with the reins. \* His fall was not similar to that of the imprudent daring youth in question; it was, however, only deferred to a future occasion. During the course of three turns up and down the Park, with the eye of examination on them, the subject of the delightful masquerade formed the main object of their conversation.

“How soon we found out Lord Horseman, in his fancy dress of a Spanish Cavalier,” said the fashionable charioteer.

“A self-sufficient old *ci-devant beau!*” replied the happy Lydia. “One whom fortune has always favoured, and who is everywhere, and in every thing, either as a mute or as a make-weight. He began by running away with

\* “*Inque diem alipedum jus et moderamen equorum.*”

an heiress; next (in our grandmother's days,) gave a splendid carriage, which cost above seven hundred guineas, to a famous courtesan, who had once enjoyed royal favour: then he got in succession a variety of posts of the first honour and importance in the State; and now, in the days of his age, he is in the Cabinet, the Senate, the Lieutenancy, high patronage, and it seems as if the ministerial wheel could not turn without him: thus, you see, it is better to be born lucky than wise."

"The next who came within our discovering eye," continued she, "was of a very different order of being. His selecting the dress of an Irish chieftain was rather ill-advised; he has no pedigree to boast of: and I remember, in a scurrilous paper, which made a list of ministerial running-horses, the mask in question was set down as *An Irish hack, Dam and Sire unknown*: but I can tell them, in the language of an eminent French author, (much as I stand up for family,)

“ Qui sert bien sa patrie, n’a pas besoin d’ayeux.”

The abilities of the Right Honourable George Classic are of a very superior mould : to a fancy the most adorned, and a genius the most delicate and refined, he unites a strong mind, and colossal intellectual powers ; so that whilst he indulges in the flowers of rhetoric, which spring spontaneously from the rich soil of his imagination, he is a close reasoner, a graceful declaimer, and carries conviction and admiration together. I am told he is a very superior classic ; I know that he is an elegant poet : his manners are easy and well-bred, and he possesses all the domestic virtues. I cannot say that I admire Madame as much as himself: her pride is excessive, and it would be well if she could borrow some of her husband’s temper ; for, as to his amiability in private life, it is equal to his supereminence as a public character. Had he gone to the masquerade as Apollo, he would have been quite at home ; his light would have shone forth as such ; moreover, no one has been



more attentive to the Muses and the Graces than himself:—or had he represented Ulysses, renowned alike for wisdom and eloquence, for persuasion and generalship, it would have done very well; but he was quite lost as an Irish chief, the merits of which character are entirely forgotten in our day.”

“ You say right, my dear Lady: by this light ! you are as clever as you are beautiful.”

“ But shall you ever forget the two brothers, Billy and Jemmy, coming in *en Domino*, *without* their masks ; and the attack made upon them by one of the writers of the Age ? ‘ I know ye both,’ said the wit ; ‘ although you have put on those ugly masks. Why, Sir William Turtle, you ought to have assumed the character of Bardolph, and your brother that of Ancient Pistol, or the Ghost of the Departed Elephant, whose proboscis you certainly have got, instead of coming here as gentle dominos like other people ; for you are of a peculiar race, which, by the way, might make you very use-

ful to a market-gardener: the one to exhibit that astonishingly preposterous cucumber in representation of a nose, the other to look over it, and with the inflammation of his countenance to bring it to that most astounding maturity.—By the way, the Knight is the most amusing fellow of the two; he says so many *bright* things—such as the bright enigma upon *sparrowgrass*; his toast when the ladies wore short waists, viz.—‘ The present fashion, plenty before us, but no waste;’—with many other things equally talented. Then, *he never knows nothing* about the matter; *never stands no nonsense* in the House, but gives his vote *there plump outright, upright and downright, as a body may say*. An illustrious personage can only find amusement in him, as Henry the Fifth used to be entertained at the oddities of Sir John Falstaff, and Bardolph too.”

“ Ha! ha! ha!—admirable, by Juno!”

“ We were a long time,” resumed Lady Lydia, “ annoyed by the stupidity of Mr. Cives,

before we could make him out : to be sure, his disguise as an old English gentleman puzzled one, naturally. As for the Englishman, he certainly is so, but the gentleman sat uneasily on him : if he would stick to the Cit, he would be a decent sort of fellow, but he must *come out* with nobility ; and *les nobles* make a butt of him. He has pride enough to court high company, but not sufficient to disdain being an object of newspaper, or gaming-table ridicule. These commercial men will get into our society ; and it inevitably occurs, that they burn their fingers somehow or other. Cives takes care of his cash, but he is quite forgetful of what he otherwise owes to himself."

" Who was our fat friend whom you honoured with an acknowledgment, and who was hanging on the arm of a Scotch duke ?"

" Let me see—oh ! that was Lord Newmarket, a man who was born a Baronet, but stepped into the peerage by succession to a cousin. He made a high matrimonial alliance, and mar-

ried into one of the most virtuous and noble families in the three kingdoms; but his rage for horse-racing will, I fear, ruin him in time; it makes his lady, a daughter of the Duchess of Oldstyle, very unhappy. Some people call him a good husband; others raise *on dits* respecting the widow of a foolish baronet, and sister to the bold and mad Lady Bannister. When his Lordship was plain Sir ——, he was a much more rational being than at present.”—But at this moment the Duke of St. Ives passed by. “He, too, was at the masquerade, habited as a gentle shepherd,” exclaimed the fair widow; “and on his arm Mrs. Banco, as a gentle shepherdess.”

“Why, you don’t mean to insinuate that she expects to get a ducal coronet, *by hook or by crook!*”

“No; I think she is only vain of high company. If Mrs. Banco does right, she will preserve her independence. *Apropos!* what would some young Hussars give for the gentle-

manlike appearance of the mustachio on her upper lip!—and,” added the satirical lady, for her *portly* appearance.”

“ *Portly!* by the God of War! I think she has a *rum* appearance: she looks like a puncheon full of that potent fluid—exciseable, by all that ’s pretty !”

“ But not *seizable*.”

“ I don’t know ; it would be a great seizure ; a very rich prize—ha, ha, ha !”

The important hour of dressing-time arrived. The reconciled lovers were to meet again at an evening party; and, strange to tell, the gay deceiver had got wiled into a certain degree of passion and *penchant* for the widow ; which, for a whole fortnight, made him entirely forget Emma and Lover’s Vows. A variety of occupations amused his time, and he was in a kind of perpetual waking dream :—another day on Guard, where, the officers being all young, he was not bored by military tactics or learned conversation ; the Clubs ; Crackpurse’s ; fresh

credit on the banker's, growing popularity, and town amusements. But if he was lulled into security and oblivion, the fair dame was in a very different situation; the thousand pounds were expended, and she wanted more. The Baronet was importunate in his morning calls, although *not* at home awaited him at every visit: he was now becoming furious, and perceived that he was played upon. The lady, too, was growing *au désespoir*; for in no meeting whatever would her *Berger* come to an explanation. The word wedlock, together with all allusions to the subject, were studiously avoided, or skilfully parried if brought on the tapis. Upon one occasion, he went so far as to treat the chains of Hymen with great levity and disrespect, by quoting the old hacknied, but very dangerous maxim of Eloisa,—

“ Love free as air at sight of human ties,” &c.

to which he added the grand apology for wrong, in the flaming numbers of the Italian bard :

“ Si 'l peccar è sì dolce, il non peccar si necessario.”

Whether this was done as an experiment we know not, but it displeased mightily; and qualify the matter how we may, it would be difficult to bestow morality or principle upon either quotation.

The disappointment arising from this want of decision on the part of the youth, although his attentions continued to be of the most marked and assiduous cast, nay, even although he had redoubled in *tendres soins*,—added to the *status quo* of the financial system, rendered a grand effort absolutely necessary. Her ladyship's plate, but for the thousand pieces of the county member, would have been taken in execution; and the not being able to meet another instalment payment would very shortly bring a fresh *exposé*: she therefore resolved on making a grand attack—she would write to her swain, and bring him at once to a declaration, or the giving up of her sweet society. She could assume an impassioned style as well as any one, and now she was in earnest about the matter.

What facilitated this negotiation greatly was, that young Bramblewood had explained himself fully to the fair object of his devotion, and had solicited her hand. The unmarried widow retired to her dressing-room, there to pen the important document; and, at the same time, invited a large and brilliant circle to a last party, in which she had contrived to assemble every charm and witchery of which she was mistress. Her lover would be there present, and he would have had a day to reflect on the contents of the epistle. This party would, probably, fix her lot; and if unsuccessful, she had nothing for it, but to fly precipitately to the Continent.

The letter, and the invitation to what she called an impromptu, went together; and within an hour after, an event of great moment to our hero took place. A courier arrived at the family house in the Square, and announced that Lady Gertrude was within a few miles of the capital. She would be an able minister of



state; her house would open to all that was great and fashionable. How to break to her his present dilemma would be difficult; for, if she approved of the match, what was to become of Emma? If she disapproved of it, what was to become of both?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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